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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MOTHER KURSTEGAN.

The pretended man was, of course, no other than Mother Kurstegan. For a year she had wandered in this disguise through every part of the city, in rich men's houses, amid the hovels of the poor, seeking her lost treasure. In every kitchen in which she was admitted, her skill in fortune-telling by palmistry, won her a ready ear and a quick tongue from the servants. If there were children in the family, she made a pretence that she could tell their future destiny by some sign of face and feature, and she seldom left any dwelling until she had accomplished the purpose for which she entered it. On the night in question she had heard enough from the servants, to recognize in the strange child, on whose peculiarities they were ready to dilate, Chip of the cave—and as she hurried along the dismal street, her heart bounded with a savage joy as she gloated on the possibility of again possessing her, and so torturing the father's soul afresh. Pausing in her walk at length, and looking about haggardly to see that she was not followed, she pushed on to the lower part of the city, and disappeared among the gloomy buildings that lifted their tall fronts to the docks and the sullen river.

At twelve at night the storm had cleared away. The moonbeams shone into the large, desolate attic of a tall old house overlooking the Delaware. A straw bed, scantily covered, crowded up against the wall, upon which lay a restless figure. Tied to nails on different parts of the walls were bunches of dried herbs, and paper was scattered in fragments on the fireless hearth and over the floor. An old cloak covered the recumbent person, a heap of clothes seemed to have been gathered up for additional warmth—a man's hat stood on one broad window-seat, a cup and plate, a spoon and knife on the other.

"That was a dreadful night," muttered the Indian, "I dreamed of it. It must have been last night—no—no—for I saw Chip last night. Oh! that girl! to desolate this old heart so!" she cried fiercely, springing up, and drawing her cloak about her, she walked to and fro, while the noisy rats ran up and down between the rafters, keeping her dismal company. "Leoline! would God I had taken thee to the forest—oh! this accursed civilization! my father is gone, my husband is gone—my child is gone—my people are gone—I am alone; a naked tree stripped of its branches, its roots, its life, and hewn into a guide-post—so many miles to eternity. I wish I could forget," she murmured, seating herself and swaying her body to and fro, "forget the lessons I have learned, the splendor I have lived in, the wrongs that have been done and that I have done—all, all but my happy life in the woods, before I knew the pale-face. How white he looked! I can see him now, tied to the tree. And I flew to him, hung on his neck, pleaded for his life, saved him, loved him, fled with him, married him, lost him. Then to be happy I should have gone to the wild backwoods again; forgotten all the curse of society had ever fallen upon me, and brought my child up to be the honorable wife of a warrior. Oh! woe is me!—oh! woe is me that I hate my own child." Again she resumed her walk, and the memory of some eventful night came upon her with overwhelming force. "They took the child from her and gave it to another; poor thing! to suffer so, and then be robbed; it was a terrible night—they carried the child away, and the woman who took it died the next week; that was strange. I kept sight of it though till it got to the alms-house; that was a fine place, and it was I who told Job Goodale where to find a boy for what he wanted: to kick and pinch and starve—ha, ha—Lord have mercy on me, that I hate my own child's child. Then I sent *him* a letter, and he came in hot haste after poor Chip, and went home without her, ha, ha, ha, ha; but took Nick instead—as I meant he should, ha, ha, ha. I met him yesterday—yes, finely dressed, with books in his hand—the young imp. If it had been dark, and I could have ate him without leaving any bones I'd have done it—that I would. Chip—Chip—I'll have her! I'll paint her face and make her a squaw; I'll teach her Delaware, and kill the first pale-face that looks at her—yes, I will, I will; and," she continued working herself into a frenzy, "when she is Indian in her habits and tastes, and the wife of a warrior, and the mother of Indian children, then Le Vaugn shall see her, and shall not know his high-bred daughter. I wish I could sleep, but my head burns so. That light in the sky—a streak of blood—a tomahawk—a white blanket—my tribe would prophesy war or famine. I wish war would come—I wish famine would come—I wish plague would come and sweep every white man from the face of the earth." She had risen and stood gazing out upon the strange circle gradually forming about the moon. There was a faint red streak crossing its disk, and the gathering clouds, light as they were, took weird shape. The Indian's face shone with unnatural fire; her cheek bones more prominent from care and long fasts seemed closing over her eyes; her hair cut short hung on her forehead, stiffly, and down along the temples. Her ankles and her feet were bare—and her hands crossed each other, clutching the much worn camlet cloak. She stood there till the moonlight faded from the sky, and left the night to go out in darkness.

CHAPTER XXX.

MOTHER KURSTEGAN AND LE VAUGN.

Le Vaugn was sitting in his sanctum the next morning when Dr. Angell hurriedly entered.

"You look flushed, my dear fellow," said Le Vaugn, offering a seat.

"Flushed, and well I may; I've been ever since three o'clock this morning on my feet; there are so many cases of fever, and they begin just as they did last year, in the vicinity of these undrained marsh-tracts, which I'm afraid will be hot-beds of pestilence by the fall. I tell you we are in danger. There's the accumulation of a year's drainings in the wharf-slips, where the water is cut off from the current of the river; I was down with the physician of the hospital inspecting them to-day. What the result will be when the heat of July steams down over the mud and vegetable matter, and green slime, and rotten wood, and draws up the putrid gas to mix it with the atmosphere, God knows."

"The matter was discussed last fall," said Le Vaugn.

"I know it; and with what results? If ever the Scripture declaration was true of any people, it is of our Philadelphians! 'they have madness in their hearts.' For three years I have been laboring to have them take hold of this matter. Our streets are pregnant with death; our very homes are full of the seeds of disease. I tell you, Le Vaugn, I wouldn't live in Philadelphia after the first of August, if I could make one hundred dollars, in gold every day; and I have an awfully solemn conviction that we are on the eve of some great calamity, which I believe will come in the shape of pestilence, if the people don't take this matter into consideration. We cannot violate natural laws and nature, and escape the consequences."

"Write an article about this matter, and I'll publish it," said Le Vaugn.

"Certainly I will; but——excuse me, madam." In stepping back, for he had arisen, he came in contact with a woman who had entered noiselessly, and was nearing the desk. The doctor's sudden exclamation caused Le Vaugn to look up, and to change color as he did so. Mother Kurstegan, in her faded bonnet and camlet cloak, with piercing eye and erect figure, her lips pressed together, a look of fatigue rendering her care-worn countenance more repulsive, for she had slept none the preceding night, stood before him.

"Well!" said Le Vaugn, glancing uneasily towards the doctor, who, betrayed into surprise, was involuntarily studying the face of the woman. Dr. Angell, bowing, immediately went out, and Le Vaugn gave evidence, by pallor, by convulsive knitting of the brow, by an agitation of the muscles, and laboring of the breath, how terribly her presence was felt by him. He tried to command his reason, his temper—and, with a blandness, which he was far from feeling, he requested her to be seated.

"Never, in your presence," she exclaimed, with a restless eye. "I want money, and you must give me some. I am hungry! I am cold; besides I have something to tell you, if you will give me money."

"Something to tell you"—that proved the open sesame to Le Vaugn's purse. His sternness melted; "give me the truth concerning my child, and you shall never know want," he said, standing up close to her side, though she tried to shrink from him. "You shall live in my own house; sit by my fireside, and be honored and happy; and, listen," he continued—"I will make your daughter my wife, if she will marry me."

The Indian's eye blazed; her whole face kindled with indignation as she towered above her own tall stature, and flashed upon him a look of hate, scorn, defiance, loathing, all concentrated in one scorching glare.

"*Marry you*," she exclaimed, in a choking voice. Then drawing her breath till her nostrils dilated, and the veins of her temples swelled almost to bursting, she repeated, "marry you! I'd burn her to death, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, if I thought she would stoop to marry you."

"Come, woman, stop this nonsense," said Le Vaugn hoarsely, angered in bistun; "it needs but a very little provocation to make me give you up to justice as a most abominable criminal, a child-stealer—murderer, for what I know."

The yell of laughter that rang from the Indian's throat, as she clenched her camlet cloak around her, was so shrill and unearthly, that it brought several of the men from the room adjoining to the door of the office.

"Hush! mad woman," exclaimed Le Vaugn, shutting the door upon the curious faces. "Here, how much money do you want? Take it, and go; I am in hell when you are by."

"We'll be there—mark my words—both of us. Oh!" she cried, with another crazed laugh, "how glad I am there is a hell; how I'll torment you there! a hell! a hell!" she cried again—"yes, there is a hell."

"Here, here is money," said Le Vaugn, now white as a sheet, thrusting forward several pieces of gold—"go, leave me; if you want more, write; don't come near me again; it is best for you, best for me."

"Yes, this money looks handsome; it glitters; they needn't say palm trees don't grow in this country, for there's a golden palm," she added, her mind following a new vagary as she held out her hand on which the money was spread; "now look here; you think I'm crazy; I know; there never *was* a greater mistake; I'm just as sane as you are; I know all about you—I know all about Leoline. I know all about—what did you call her?" she asked, with a savage cunning.

"Oh! for God's sake stop! stop! don't drive me to frenzy, woman."

"Perhaps you hadn't named her, but I had; Chip was her name, but that isn't her name now! Oh! the silks and the satins! how beautifully they *do* dress her!"

Le Vaugn groaned—the blood gushed upward to his brain; the atmosphere was black about him. Had this demon sold his child to infamy already! The thought crushed him, and even the poor demented creature, glorying in his misery, seemed constrained to pity as she beheld him thus, for she said, solemnly, "Man! if you feel such sorrow for your child, scarcely seen or known, think of the mother who has reared her daughter up to womanhood, only to have her destroyed. Farewell! your child is in this city; destruction and pestilence are coming in the air; but mark me; if the pestilence spare her, I will not;" and so saying she went from the office, leaving Le Vaugn sick and bewildered.

"Fool! I might have sent for an officer; I will! I will find her. I must have that child at all hazards. Now, come; I'm roused; we'll see whether this hag rules or I;" and hastily thrusting on coat and hat, he hurried into the street to search for her. His quest lasted the entire morning, but it was pursued in vain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SKETCH OF VAN ALSTYNE'S HISTORY.—CHIP AGAIN MISSING.

Van Alstyne's father had been a poor clergyman, his mother the daughter of a country rector in England. The life of his parents was one continual struggle from their marriage to their dying day. His father died when he was but five years old, and his mother was induced, in the third year of her widowhood, to gather her few scanty effects and come over to America, in the hope that she might be enabled to live with more comfort in a cheaper country. Sickness wasted her meagre funds after her arrival, and when strength came again, she had no money. Too proud to make her wants known, she tried to gather a little school—but she was a stranger, reserved, and to appearance, haughty. The mild faced woman who came in mourning garments to the little village church, who took her seat without lifting her eyes, save to glance at the quiet little boy at her side—or her hand, except to smooth the soft and silken curls back from his fair, broad forehead, and who returned, giving only coy and cautious glances now and then to those about her, too timid and too sad to speak—whose black garments were seldom seen in the streets, and whose little boy played and studied by his mother's knee day after day, was not the woman to be loved by a gossipping community. They "guessed" this, and they "reckoned" that, until the poor woman was seen no more at church, and then she was gradually forgotten. Alas! the decent clothes of fine, soft texture, that made her, as the villagers thought, "superior to folks," were sold to buy bread; and one cold, stormy night, when the clergyman was passing by on his horse, returning from a sick parishioner, he paused before the lovely little house at sounds of a child's voice repeating the name of "mother," in agony. Reining up before the gate, he knocked at the old door, and as no answer came, he entered. The first room through which he passed was entirely destitute of furniture; in the next, a sad sight met his eyes. The bed had been dragged apparently from the chamber, and was spread before the flickering fire, which he could plainly see had been kindled by the broken chairs that were laid contiguous, ready for use. On the bed was the feeble, emaciated form of the poor widow, who had gone without food for the sake of supplying her child, till madness had overtaken her. She was too weak to move, but she muttered, and gibbered, and laughed; and the red blaze of the destroyer burned on cheek and temple, and in her hollow eye. Aid came too late. Everybody was horrified at this case of destitution, and the clergyman went home sick at heart. The widow died, and poor little Eddy was all alone in the world. The minister wrote to his relatives in England, but received no word. He then took him into his family for a while, but the burden was too heavy—the child was sent to the city and placed in a store. Mild, amiable and sensitive as his nature was, he was totally unfitted for his place. Turned over to one and another, he early learned the sharp, bitter lessons of adversity. Some one, at last, who noticed his love of books, placed him at school. His intellect brought him favors; he found friends, but always death or misfortune stepped in, and he was again and again thrown on his own resources. He worked like a slave; he seldom knew the warmth of a fire in winter, or supped on better food than a dry crust. By some providential circumstance he was brought under Le Vaugn's notice, who gave him free access to his own rare library, and stimulated his energies. He also provided him employment at odd hours, and helped him to college. By dint of hard study, the young man after graduating with honor, won a professorship at Yale. But after a few months his over-taxed energies gave way; he became ill, and for long, weary weeks languished in the hospital, a victim of fever and depression of spirits. But he rallied; and though he could not command his office again, he began to teach the languages, and after a few more hard rubs, conquered fortune in a measure, and won for himself an excellent reputation. His last, and severest blow, was the rejection of Leoline. He had loved with the impassioned fervency of a heart blessed by no ties of relationship. Father, mother, sisters and brothers, were all gone; Leoline, like some bright angel, whose ideal presence had been with him all his life, spurring him up to greatness, met him on the threshold of his hope, and he had silently worshipped, while he unfolded leaf after leaf the bright and beautiful pages of her mind. Yet so conversant was he with sorrow, so much accustomed to have his aspirations clouded, his hopes dashed out, and so wonted had he become to the feeling that he must conquer, that though his last trial depressed his spirits to a most unusual degree, unfitting him for the discharge of his duties, and throwing the pall of gloom over the expectations of his future, especially as he could hear nothing, see nothing of Leoline, a hope that he should meet her, marry her, buoyed up his courage. Park had become almost his shadow, and the thoughtless boy gave him frequent pain by his allusions to the professor's "lady love."

It was now the middle of July, and an unusually oppressive day. Van Alstyne had taken a fortnight's vacation, and proposed to himself every day to seek the country, that he might ramble among the solitudes of nature, and derive consolation for his sorrow among its leafy woods, from the singing of its birds, and the murmur of its waters. But day after day passed, and he was content to sit in inertness and nurse his diseased fancies. Books, birds, the morning life of the city, his profession, music, all things to be loved, had lost their charm to him. He had grown thin and sallow; his eye was restless or else fixed in intense abstraction. He had, however, agreed that day, to go with Park to Mrs. Dinsmore's beautiful residence, and he sat, carpet-bag packed, in his own room, waiting the arrival of his friend. It was strange, how exactly the pleasant apartment fitted up by Leoline in the old Hants house, resembled this bachelor home. It was a large room with four windows, high ceiled, handsomely ornamented, with a carpet, small patterned, red and white, a table in the centre, a grate, highly-polished, and a fender before it, and a little pianoforte, for Van Alstyne was a proficient in music. The only difference, displayed itself in a large and elegant collection of books on mahogany shelves, and a cabinet well stocked with minerals, botanic cases and curiosities.—A small couch, in size resembling a camp-bedstead, hung with white muslin curtains, betrayed in its simple elegance the innate delicacy of the young man's taste. On his table lay a large portfolio of engravings, that he had been some ten years collecting; and as he waited for his friend, he turned them over, one by one.—At last he came to one covered skillfully with fine tissue paper, and leaning his elbow on the table, and his cheek on his hand, after he had displaced the gauze covering, he gazed with kindling eyes upon the pictured face of Leoline. It was his own work, a labor born of love, and well was it performed. Unconsciously he had caught the seated sorrow in her dreamy eye, and transferred it to this picture. He knew not where she was, he could learn no tidings of her fate; he had traversed all the hospitals, thinking that she had devoted her life to the care of the sick, he had gone through all the city's purlieus, all the institutions of charity, all the schools, and had at last almost ceased to search for her. Gazing at the picture, he remained lost in reverie, until, happening to lift his head, he was startled by observing that the time had passed. With an exclamation of surprise he pulled out his watch; it also pointed to a vanished half hour, and Van Alstyne closed his book, and walking to the window, gazed out into the street. The sun was low. "This is strange," thought Van Alstyne, as the little mantle-clock struck five, sending its silvery voice through every nook and cranny of the large room, "can Park have forgotten me? Well," he said, aloud, "I may as well make myself easy;" so selecting a book from the shelves, he sat down and was soon deeply engaged with the volume. Another hour passed; the shadows of the twilight were gliding over his page, so he closed the book, and wondered again, as he said, "I shall take supper at home, then, after all—and there is the bell. Where can the dear boy be? I hope nothing has happened to him."

The candles flared on the mantel-top, the curtains swayed to and fro, waved by a light breeze that came from the river. Suddenly a hurried foot was heard on the stairs, and Park burst in, flushed, breathless, and bewildered in look and manner.

"Dinsmore! why, what—"

"Oh, she's gone—lost—stolen!" cried Park, throwing himself across the table, and leaning his head on his hands; then springing up, he exclaimed: "Van Alstyne, I'm almost crazy! Mrs. Angell is in despair—little bird, little Lena is carried off!"

"You don't mean it," said Van Alstyne, stepping back, his blood crawling.

"We been going all over the city, the doctor and I, and three or four officers; oh, Van Alstyne, it just seems as if my head would burst, and my heart, too! I never had anything happen to me so terrible as this!" and the poor fellow, breaking down, sobbed passionately, like a child.

"Don't, don't, my dear Park," said the professor, his lip trembling and his voice unsteady, as he threw an arm over Park's tremulous frame; "don't give way to your feelings; it may not be so bad, you know; she'll be found."

"Oh, but the carriage!—the doctor's horse and chaise, both gone, and had been, for half-an-hour, when he came out! You see," continued Park, wiping his streaming eyes, and steadying his voice that wavered and trembled, "Doctor Angell was called in to a man in a fit when he was driving home, at three this afternoon. His horse is quiet, you know; Lena was with him; he thought he shouldn't be gone but a minute or so, and he left her sitting in the chaise. Well, he found the case a bad one, and you know how absent-minded he is when he is interested; I've no doubt he forgot the poor child, and oh, Van Alstyne, when he went out, only half an-hour after, and came to think of the carriage and the child, they were gone, horse, chaise and all. You know he seldom rides," and heaving a heavy sigh, Park wiped the tears that flowed afresh, saying, "I haven't cried this way since I was a little fellow, but I'm just about used up, I am, indeed."

"Horse and chaise gone!" said Van Alstyne, "did anybody see it drive off?"

"Yes, one old man standing in a shop-door at the corner; a half-blind old fellow; he saw—that is, he couldn't see, of course, you know, but then somebody jumped into the chaise and drove off; he thought it was the doctor; it wasn't a minute after he had gone in."

"And she was too much frightened to scream, poor child," said Van Alstyne.

"Oh, don't, don't! you make me creep!" exclaimed Park, turning from his friend, with a shudder; then suddenly starting up, he added, "we're going off again as soon as the doctor is rested the least bit in the world—he was up all night, poor man. I had just gone round there to try and prevail on Mrs. Angell to go out with us and take birdy—we have two carriages in town, you see, when the doctor came in looking like a ghost, and says he, 'wife, little bird is gone, carriage, horse and all!' Poor woman! she looked fit for her coffin; she never said a word, but just sank back perfectly lifeless till they brought her to. Ever since then the doctor and I have raced with every chaise on the road in hopes to come across his. It's clear as daylight who took the child—that confounded crazy Indian has her."

"Have you seen Le Vaugn?"

"Heavens and earth, Van Alstyne, I thought of that, but I'm afraid it'll upset him. As sure as you and I live, that old woman wouldn't be after her if she wasn't his child; and now when he comes to know that she's been right here within the reach of his hand for a whole year, it's likely to give him a death-stroke. Then, again, if he knew it, he'd move the whole creation but what he'd find her. I don't know what to do, I'm sure; Le Vaugn is out of town and won't be home till to-morrow morning. But I mustn't stay."

"Stop a moment; I'm going with you," said Van Alstyne, locking his portfolio; and catching up his hat, they left the house together.

On the very afternoon of Chip's abduction, Le Vaugn had left the city in his own chaise, to be present at a christening. As he rode along, and felt the cooler, sweeter breezes of the country air play upon his brow, his spirits revived. Nick was with him, full of wild glee, exulting in the ride, and in the pleasure of accompanying Le Vaugn.

"What do you get on the seat that way for, my son?" asked Le Vaugn, as the boy turned and, half kneeling, looked through the square in the back of the chaise.

"To see if anybody's coming—oh! yes, there's a big cloud of dust—how heavy a horse must step to make so much dust—great clouds? our little gray doesn't, she travels beautifully! I guess the folks are in a hurry—there, that's Doctor Angell's great brown horse, I'll declare! And there's Lena—yes, sitting 'way back; I guess doctor's taking her out to ride; he let me have a *grand* ride day before yesterday. Whew! they're coming fast—father, there's the doctor and Lena; let's stop 'em and speak to 'em."

"The doctor! who, where?" said Le Vaugn, abstractedly, as Nick turned round in order to lean out of the carriage. No sooner had he attained this position, than the other shot by like an arrow, while Nick cried out at the top of his voice, "I say, doctor! stop—it's us."

Away went the chaise as if a demon held the reins, and a faint cry came back upon the still air as it dashed ahead.

"You must be mistaken, my son," said Le Vaugn, increasing his own speed.

"No! I'm sure it was her, but the doctor had a handkerchief tied over his hat, and it fell almost to his chin; and she did scream, didn't she? I'm sure it was Lena, father."

"Strange!" said Le Vaugn, absently; "the doctor may have been called on some case of life and death; yes, the child certainly did scream—perhaps she laughed because the old brown beat my gray."

"I rather think so," replied Nick; "but at anyrate it was Lena, and she looked frightened. You don't think the horse is running away, father?"

Le Vaugn's face expressed some concern as he gazed along the road, and saw the chaise still dashing on. "Oh, no," he replied lightly, "Dr. Angell knows too well how to manage a horse for that—still—" Nick looked at him anxiously, and the two watched the rapidly-vanishing cloud, till a turn in the road hid it from sight, and then Le Vaugn added, "I guess they're safe enough." But a strange uneasiness possessed him; his thoughts would follow the chaise, the doctor with a handkerchief over his face, and the shout or shriek that had caught his ear as they passed. At every opening he would stretch forward, and to Nick's, "Do you see them, father?" answer "Oh! no! I didn't expect to," although it was evident, from his strained and nervous glances, and his occasional exclamations of—"They must have gone that way"—or, "They must have turned that road," that he still dwelt anxiously upon the circumstance.

It was forgotten, however, amid the gaiety of the evening, but recurred again while they were returning in the fresh and golden calm of a June morning.

Arriving in town, and leaving Nick at the house, Le Vaugn drove slowly to his office.—Strangely enough, the memory of the last morning-ride that he had taken nearly two years ago, came back vividly to his mind. He remembered with what solemn forebodings he had moved from street to street; the terrible and unwelcome news that met him at his own door-stone, the sad days and months that had passed over his head since then, filled up with no great or good or memorable deeds. He stopped before the dingy door of his office, and alighting, ran hastily up stairs. Park Dinsmore and Van Alstyne were just that moment leaving. Struck with their haggard faces, he paused with one foot on the threshold, looking inquiringly at them.

"We have something to communicate to you," Park said, at last, retreating backwards into the office, and Le Vaugn, mute, fearful, and pale, followed them, until the three stood round his desk.

"Doctor Angell has lost his little girl," said the professor.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, "when did she die?"

A DARK SCENE IN VAN ALSTYNE'S CHILDHOOD.

"She is not dead," returned Van Alstyne; "she is stolen."

"Ha!" cried Le Vaugn, the incident of yesterday striking sharply on his recollection; "I had forgotten it entirely; I declare it had escaped my mind!" he said, vaguely, looking at them.

They returned his look, not being able to comprehend him.

"They passed us, yesterday; yesterday, in the afternoon, near four o'clock—right on our road, and we after them, and it never occurred to me that there was anything wrong."

Park listened—his agitation was extreme; he stood there white and almost nerveless.

"Did you see them?" he asked, "oh! can it be possible? Near them—so near, and let them escape?"

"My dear boy, I was totally in the dark about it; I am now; sit down and tell me, and command me to the utmost; I pledge you my word I am the last man to turn away from following after a stolen child;" and a quick shade of anguish crossed his features.

"We have more to tell you," said Van Alstyne, reluctantly, while Park seated himself a little back from the desk, and turned his face the other way. "Circumstances have transpired that lead us to believe that—that—in fact, the child whom we all love and look upon with no ordinary interest, is not in reality the daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Angell."

"What!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, excitedly, "my God! whose is she then? tell me—tell me. I beg your pardon; my sudden impulses master me—go on," and forsaken of all his strength he sank back in his seat.

"The child is a foundling," continued Park, who at the first violent gesture had sprung back to them; "she was taken from the roadside some seven miles from Goodale's inn, among the hills there, and the circumstances under which she was discovered, tend to show that she had been utterly neglected. For two years Mrs. Angell has been developing her mental faculties, which seemed before entirely dormant. She could get no clue to the former situation of the child, except that—she said she had lived—you will not hear me out, sir."

"I will, I will!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, with desperate calmness, clutching at the sides of his chair till his hands were purple with the effort, "only tell me one thing; do they suspect who stole the child?"

"They do."

Le Vaugn breathed hard, and sat with painful and fixed look as he uttered, under his voice—

"Who?"

"An Indian woman who has been prowling about here for several years!"

"Madness!" burst from the blue lips of Le Vaugn, "and she came within my grasp! My child—my darling, my motherless babe. Good God! I am fate's football!"

The tone was so heart-broken—the words so pitiful, that Van Alstyne turned away to hide his tears. The strong man stood, weak and swaying now, like a reed bent by the tempest. The knowledge that he had touched the hand, the lips, the silken locks of his own dear child—that he had gazed at her with feelings he could neither fathom nor define; that her innocent voice had been heard in his own house; that her heart had beat, once, close to his own—and that now she was borne away, Heaven only knew whither; the knowledge of so much unrecognized bliss, making his agony ten-fold more awful, nearly overthrew his reason, and he stood with a fixed and almost maniacal stare, gazing into space. It was but for a moment. With swelling nostrils and flashing eyes, he leaped out of his trance.

"I'll find her if it costs me my life," was all he said, and he rushed from the office.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOTHER KUNSTEGAN AND HER PRIZE.

Officers were sent in all directions after the lost child. The doctor searched unceasingly, giving his business entirely over to his colleague for the time. Mrs. Angell suffered more perhaps than any one else; her intimate knowledge of the child's habits, antipathies and extraordinary sensitiveness, making her more keenly and distressingly alive to the thousand indignities and dangers to which in all probability she would be subjected. She could hardly eat or sleep during the time the search lasted. Le Vaugn with the doctor took the same road he had travelled before, and by dint of constant inquiry and indefatigable patience traced the pair to a tavern thirty miles from the city. Strangely enough the first person that greeted the doctor was the redoubtable Mrs. Snackskin, with bare arms and dress tucked up, bustling about and scolding vigorously.

"Dear me, doctor, yes, 'tis me!" she exclaimed in hearty accents to his expressions of surprise, "and you may be sure I ain't got nothing to do more than I ever had with nine children and a great house like this to keep. Snackskin he went and died and left me alone in the world, poor man. I expect he's better off, but I ain't, I can tell you. I sold the farm, and got a smart chance to keep tavern, and so here I be. A man and a little girl!—why, yes, a man or a woman, I don't rightly know which, for he looked like one and spoke like t'other. A horse and chaise—um! that's what they come in, and she, I mean he, took the gal out and brought her in, and it really made me affecting to look at the poor dumb thing. She made me think of that same poor critter that you took off, doctor—what ever did become of her?"

"That's the same child we are looking for," said the doctor, gravely.

"Good gracious, mercy, patience, laws!" exclaimed Mrs. Snackskin, holding up her hands, and then depositing them upon her capacious hips; "you don't say! Why this one was a rug'lar little wax doll, and the other was a rag-baby."

"We can't lose a minute," said the doctor, smiling in spite of himself at the comparison, "tell us which way they went and at just what time."

"Well, I was going to say that the feller, if she was a feller, went into a room and come out again presently with the child, my sakes! you should a' seen her! why, she was that changed I deny you to know her, even you, the father of it as it were. I couldn't see no hair—one great band was tied across her forhead, another under her chin, just for all the world as if she was a live corpse."

Le Vaugn staggered against the wall.

"Is the gentleman sick?" asked the garrulous Mrs. Snackskin—"won't he take something?" and on receiving a negative she went on—"then she put the scared thing inter the chaise, and tied herself all up, or himself, saying it's a he, into a rumbledy-bumbledy, and off they driv, just ten minutes after four o'clock; and so that's all I know, 'cept that *there's* the road they took; and I reckon you won't find 'em if you go ever so right smart."

With aching hearts they followed the indicated route. It was now ten o'clock, a warm, somewhat lowering day. They rode on in silence, stopping at every tavern, and almost every habitation. Some had seen the chaise at such a time; it was driving very fast, and the horse seemed sweating freely. At last they came into a tract of wild land. The ground had evidently been travelled very recently, for through a road nearly in the heart of the pine woods, they followed the wheel-ruts till the horse stumbled, and the wheels were caught by projecting roots and bushes, whose stout arms almost closed up the path.

"I don't see how we can make any progress here," said the doctor, "and still that old witch has managed to get my horse through, for the marks continue. I have an idea that if we leave the horse here and go on foot, we shall fare as well, if not better; we are fresh and the horse is not."

To this proposition Le Vaugn assented, and they alighted and moved forward along the newly-found path. An hour's walk brought them into a clearing that had at some time been burnt out by the Indians; and there, scratched and torn, and in many ways much damaged, stood Doctor Angell's chaise. Inside lay Chip's pretty little hat, her dress throughout, except shoes and stockings, and the hat that had probably been worn by the Indian woman. Le Vaugn groaned as the eyes of both gentlemen met.

"The horse is gone," said Doctor Angell, looking about.

"And has been since last night," added Le Vaugn; "probably she is sixty miles from here. She took the horse and retraced her steps from this spot, but where next she went, Heaven only knows!"

"I tell you it's going to be a hard chase," said the doctor. "Now we have this clue, we had better return and hire some Indian scouts; perhaps they can track her from this very spot."

"Keep on now, for the sake of mercy!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, anxiously; "let us at least spend to-day in the search. We can find Indians in the village beyond, who will aid us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CUDGELED HUSBAND.

As Thomas was cudgeled one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning,
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home, and was cudgeled again by his wife.
—*Swift.*

☞ A fellow once pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied, "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

☞ Hezekiah says if his landlady *knew beans*, she would not buy the article called "burnt and ground coffee."

☞ LIBERALITY OF THE AGE.—Street Merchant (with a tray of toothpicks before him.)—"Here you are! Three a penny! Toothpicks! Three a penny! Pick and try 'em, before you buy 'em!"—*Punch.*

☞ It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

☞ There is one satisfaction in owning a close mouth—it retains all the foolish, as well as the wise words of one's heart.

☞ Complaints of bad luck are often roundabout, shallow apologies for indolence or carelessness.

See the mountains kiss high heaven.
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
But what are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me? —*Shelley.*

☞ A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered round him, and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, my honeys," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

☞ A person who had become rather dissipated, was accused of having a loose character. "I wish it were loose," said he, "I'd soon shake it off."

☞ "Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol*-era!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

Full many a fruit of purest juice serene,
The dark unfathom'd woods of Galia bear,
Full many a mushroom springs to rot unseen,
And waste its "ketchup" on the desert air.

☞ The phrase invented by the veteran diplomatist, Nesselrode, in 1852, "a material guarantee," is a capital one for certain purposes. "The world owes me a living," says the thief—"and I must seize upon a 'material guarantee' to insure its payment."

☞ Punch thus addresses an egg:—

Yet do not mourn. Although above thee
Nevermore shall parent brood,
Know, dainty darling! that I love thee
Dearly as thy mother could.

☞ Plato observes that the minds of children are like bottles with very small mouths; if you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge is wasted and little received; whereas, with a small stream they are easily filled.

☞ People generally have more fluency in condemning than approving. They hate with more ardor than they love.

☞ Good-nature is good policy. Every one is disposed to speak well of the good-natured and obliging, but ill of the ill-natured and discourteous. Hence we frequently see a small measure of talent, but associated with bland manners and a genial disposition, rapidly making its way to fortune or distinction, while a much larger measure of ability, but clogged with a churlish temper and an ungracious deportment, lingers in the back-ground, neglected and disparaged.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—at 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, as of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR POETICAL CORRESPONDENTS. That there is some poetical genius left in the country yet, we quote the following verses in proof. We trust that the gifted ladies referred to by "Morton," will not be offended by this behind-the-screen publication of his poem—we could not determine to obscure altogether so remarkable a production:

TO ALICE CARY AND EMMA ALICE BROWNE

BY MORTON,
For the Saturday Evening Post.

When twilight wraps the earth
With its soft and pleasant light,
And the stars, aroused from slumber,
Begin the watch of night;
When the moon ascends the heavens,
And the birds have ceased their glee,
I dream of thee, fair Alice,
And Emma, I dream of thee.

Do roses paint your cheeks,
And dimples press your chins?
Do tresses black, or ringlets brown,
Adorn your marble skins?
Does youth inspire your steps,
Or middle age stamp your brows?
Do your days delay like years,
Or pass like sunny hours?

Do you live upon the earth,
In some nicely hidden lawn,
Where fairies dance and caper
To the music of your song;
Where birds in all their beauty
Warble their lives away,
Echoing to your sounding harps,
Fair Alice and Emma gay?

Or do you dwell upon the moon,
And skip along the rainbow?
Or ride upon the billowy clouds,
Those seeming hills of snow?
And do you wander, gathering flowers,
Along the milky-way,
Like young celestial Cupids,
Fair Alice and Emma gay?

ATLANTIC CITY.—We made a trip to this new bathing place one day last week, and were much pleased with both trip and place. It is a great acquisition to Philadelphia, to have the bracing breezes of the ocean brought thus within a three hours' ride. One can go to and return from Atlantic City in the same day, without feeling as much fatigue as the mere trip to Cape May commonly produces. There was plenty of room last week at all the hotels—the Surf House, the United States and the Mansion House being the principal ones. The United States struck us as the largest, best shaded, and most desirable lodging-house—but, fortunately for landlords, tastes differ. Atlantic City is growing very rapidly, and, it seems to us, must soon surpass Cape May—unless the latter also opens a railroad communication. But, in any event, the comparative nearness of Atlantic City to Philadelphia must give it a great advantage.

If the railroad managers could only guard against the nuisances of dust, smoke and cinders—and the hotel-keepers procure an edict of perpetual banishment against those occasional pests, the musquitoes, what a place Atlantic City would soon become!

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.—The Commencement of the Philadelphia High School is to be held at Jayne's New Hall in this city on the 16th of July. The doors open at nine, A. M.

A DEFENCE OF "IGNORANCE" IN SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Our New York contemporary—the *Tribune*—has recently excited public attention by a series of attacks made on Mr. Hazeltine, the venerable Principal of the New York Female Normal School, the monstrous unfairness and flagrant sophistry of which have justly aggrieved and incensed the friends of the assaulted gentleman, and the thoughtful portion of the public as well. The affair began with some comments made by the *Tribune* on the proceedings of a Commencement at the School. To these comments Mr. Hazeltine replied in a hurried letter, containing some mis spelled words, some grammatical errors, and bad punctuation. The *Tribune* printed the letter, and commented upon it in a flaying editorial, pointing out the mistakes, and asking in substance—is such an Ignoramus as this, fit to be an instructor, etc? To this a friend of Mr. Hazeltine replied in a strain of remonstrance, over the signature of "F" defending Mr. Hazeltine on the ground that the blunders pointed out by the *Tribune* in his letter, were not chargeable to ignorance, but were simply the result of haste and carelessness. The defence, which, though feebly put, was sensible and just, the *Tribune* printed under the caption of "A Defence of *Ignorance* in School Teachers." We need hardly point out in passing the unfairness of this caption. "F's" reply was not a defence of ignorance, and there was no error in Mr. Hazeltine's letter, as we shall presently attempt to show, that warranted the application of the epithet "ignoramus" to him. However, the *Tribune* having printed "F's" letter, replied to it, pouring all its artillery once more on Mr. Hazeltine, and winding up with the assertion that that gentleman, on account of his blundered letter, was now "in the pillory of public condemnation."

We may premise here, that with the *Tribune's* remarks on the general lack of accuracy in composition, and the importance of grammatical correctness, we heartily and entirely agree.—Every person should learn, if possible, to speak and write properly, but it should also be borne in mind that the English language is a jungle of difficulty, and that it takes nothing less than special attention, close and constant application, and fine and versatile mental powers to master its grammatical intricacies and subtleties. Indeed, till a scientific and thorough reform of the language is effected, we can hardly expect even the ablest and most circumspect scholar to write and speak it at all times, and in all instances, with entire correctness. The gravest errors, both in writing and speaking, have been and are constantly made by the best educated men. Even we editors, who, of course, know everything that can be known—else why this constant confidence of a generous public in our wisdom and knowledge, and why this constant implication and assertion of our own mental and moral superiority over the rest of mankind, which we ourselves continually do make, and of which this haughty and absolute editorial WE is the significant symbol?—even we, let us all, in a rare moment of humility, say, are not infallible in point of grammar. The *Tribune* is indubitably edited by able and well educated men, but nevertheless its columns are constantly speckled with grammatical errors, and even these very articles which so scathingly strike at poor Mr. Hazeltine's grammatical inaccuracies, might themselves furnish not a few samples of grammatical inaccuracy as gross as his! We do not impute these mistakes as sins to the *Tribune*, nor call it "ignoramus" in consequence of them. But as we mildly fling these monitory pebbles against its crystal walls, may we not serenely implore it, when it hurls paving-stones into the Hazeltines' glass houses, to hurl them with discrimination, in remembrance of its own brittle and vulnerable dwelling?

The *Tribune's* article of July 3rd contains the gist of its case against Mr. Hazeltine, and to that we shall devote a few words. The whole article is sophistical. The ground taken is that Mr. Hazeltine is not fitted to be a teacher, because, in a hurriedly written letter to the *Tribune*, he perpetrated several sins against spelling, punctuation and construction. The true ground to take against Mr. Hazeltine would be that *he is not fitted to be a teacher because he does not know how* to spell, punctuate, and construct sentences, correctly. Now it is more than probable that the errors Mr. Hazeltine made in his letter to the *Tribune* are such as he knows to be errors, and such as he would by no means deliberately make, or teach other people to make. All that the *Tribune* has a right to require of him is that he shall *teach* spelling, punctuation, construction, etc., correctly, which, of course, involves the necessity of his *knowing how* to spell, punctuate, construct, etc. The fact that there were errors in his letter do not necessarily prove him *ignorant*; it may only show that he wrote hurriedly, inadvertently or confusedly, and consequently made mistakes. Put him to the test, and he would probably instantly correct every error in his letter, thus proving his knowledge, and refuting the charge of ignorance. Errors, *precisely similar to his*, are to be found in the manuscripts and printed works of Hume, Gibbon, Roscoe, Dr. Johnson, Blair, Junius, Burke, Sheridan, Southey, Smollett, Walpole, Doctor Walker, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, Hallam, Macaulay, Dickens, Bulwer, and nearly every other eminent writer of the English language. The only difference is that these great men wrote, printed and revised at their leisure, and poor Mr. Hazeltine wrote in a hurry, and saw no proof of his manuscript! Now, will the *Tribune* presume to say that these eminent scholars were *ignorant* of the grammar of their language? Will the *Tribune* say that they knew no better? Of course not. But the evidence of their ignorance is far better than that adduced against Mr. Hazeltine! He wrote in a hurry, and had no chance to revise; they wrote leisurely, with every opportunity for revision! Why, then, call them scholars and skilful penmen, and Mr. Hazeltine, whose faults are as dust in the balance against theirs, an ignoramus? Isn't sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander?

These great men whose names and fames are known throughout Christendom, often wrote inaccurately. Will the *Tribune* therefore say of them, as it does of Mr. Hazeltine, that they were not fitted to teach a school? Hume, Roscoe, Johnson, Burke, Southey, Walker—will the *Tribune* presume to say that of them? Then why say it of Mr. Hazeltine?

Here are the *Tribune's* special reasons why the Principal of the Female Normal School should be turned out of office:—

Firstly, Mr. Hazeltine, in his hurried letter, wrote "missile" "*miscle*," and "paraphernalia" "*paraphrinalia*." If the *Tribune* will look over any book of the autograph letters of scholars, writers, statesmen—people whom the *Tribune* will not dare to accuse of ignorance, or declare incompetent to teach spelling—it will see similar mistakes repeated frequently. We ourself receive letters every year from people of the highest culture, which contain misspelt words. We are aware that their authors know better, and that all this is merely haste, inadvertence, error arising from mnemonic or other association, &c., and as long as we find such precedents and reasons for such errors, and until a phonetic reform simplifies the language, we shall suppose that Mr. Hazeltine merely made a mistake in spelling which he knew enough to correct had he had the chance.

Secondly, Mr. Hazeltine is ignorant of grammar, and ought to be dismissed from office, because he wrote "stuffed fishes and other *paraphrinalia was* deposited," &c.—instead of "were deposited." In the letters of Junius, who wrote English with the skill and strength of a master, we find—"Both minister and magistrate is compelled," &c. Dr. Blair writes—"The boldness, freedom and variety of our verse *is* infinitely," &c. Macaulay says "The poetry and eloquence *was* assiduously studied," &c. The accomplished gentleman who writes the articles on European affairs for the *Tribune* had an article in the issue of July 2nd, in which he said of England and Russia, "their long intimacy and friendly intercourse *is* superseded," &c. Are these people ignoramuses? No? Why, then, is Mr. Hazeltine? Would they be incompetent for school teaching? No? Why, then, is Mr. Hazeltine?

Thirdly, the Principal punctuated the end of one of his sentences with a comma, instead of a period!!! This accusation is at once ludicrous and contemptible. Does the *Tribune* hope to make men of sense believe that Mr. Hazeltine did not *know* that a period terminates a sentence? Ridiculous!

We mean no disrespect, but we are constrained to say that the *Tribune's* articles relating to Mr. Hazeltine, are shamefully shallow and thoughtless. To accuse a venerable and honored teacher of ignorance and incapacity on such evidence as this, is to offer him a grave personal insult, and to outrage the common sense and common knowledge of every reasonable man. He has been called, in effect, an ignorant impostor—an ignoramus who has "deluded" and "wronged" the public with false professions—and when we ask for the evidence, we are shown a hasty letter containing a few mistakes—mere mistakes—of spelling, construction and punctuation, which we find paralleled every day in the correspondence of the best educated people, and which occur even in the deliberately designed, carefully moulded works of the greatest scholars, grammarians, and miscellaneous writers of the English language!

For these errors, Mr. Hazeltine, says the *Tribune*, is in "the pillory of public condemnation." Cheer up, Mr. Hazeltine; there are plenty of illustrious people that the *Tribune's* logic must put in that same pillory with you! You will soon be in good company, sir!

BLOCKLEY'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.

The image of lank and lantern-jawed Oliver Twist, cowering before the paunchy official, and, with empty porridge-bowl and wooden spoon in hand, timorously "asking for more," has been indelibly fixed in the mind of a sympathizing public as a comprehensive pictorial statement of the hard and famished condition of the inmates of the English poor-house. The sympathizing public with whom the word poor-house has hitherto been a synonym for commons of the very shortest kind, will be gratified to learn that there is, at least, one institution in the world where the commons are not at all short, and where the paupers may be said to have found clover in which to live, move and have their being. That institution, we are proud to say, is in Philadelphia, and its name is—we are also proud to say, the Blockley Alms-House. The tender hearts that have aforetime bled to think that the pauper's portion has been of the merest necessaries of this life, may now apply collodion to their wounds, and staunch the bleeding, at the reflection that under the benignant roof of Blockley, the luxuries of life are now the paupers' share. In the *Ledger* of this city we conveniently find an extract from the statement the Guardians of that institution make of their accounts for the year 1856, which fully establishes the above cheering intelligence. Here it is:—

65	gallons of brandy,		$420 00
559½	do.	wine,	1,003 65
633	do.	whiskey,	706 13
2,670	dozen of bottled porter,		1,001 25
4,781	lbs. tobacco,		991 21
18,400	cigars, (prior to July 7, 1856,)		537 10
			$1,699 34

What beautiful and thoughtful benevolence on the part of the Guardians, these items show! The creature comforts which hitherto only the fortunate out-siders have enjoyed, the Guardians now profusely furnish for the insiders. Cigars which dispose to reverie and soft satisfaction the pauper mind, tobacco, which chewed, aids the pauper's comfortable ruminations, bottled porter which strengthens the pauper's body, whiskey and brandy which stimulate the pauper's drooping soul, and wine which maketh glad the heart of the panper man! And no niggardly provision of these luxuries—oh, no! Spirits and wines by hundreds of gallons, and porter by thousands of bottles, and cigars by tens of thousands, and at little less than thirty dollars for every ten hundred, for paupers must have the superior brands, you know. Niggardly?—no, we citizens who pay the alms-house bills out of our own pockets can feelingly testify that our paupers' purveyors are not niggardly. The schedule of the luxuries bought, and the sum total of their value, fully prove that our taxation is not without representation.

There may be some mean and narrow-souls, disposed to carping and cavilling, that will maliciously endeavor to lessen the lustre of this shining example which Blockley holds up to the shame of all other alms-houses in the world, by insinuating or perhaps asserting, that the Guardians have no idea of attending to anything but the mere carnal comforts of the persons under their charge. But this calumnious allegation we are prepared to meet, and, with the report of the Guardians in our hand, triumphantly refute, and prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the spiritual wants of the paupers of Blockley are not neglected or forgotten. For in the very pages which contain the entry of the expenditure of four thousand, six hundred and sixty-nine dollars, forty-four cents, for liquors, chewing tobacco, and cigars, appears also an entry of the expenditure of one hundred dollars for preaching the Gospel to the poor! Thus do we repel beforehand, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, the charge which the lips of the detractor would fain utter. The Guardians of Blockley shall not be the victims of calumny so long as there is ink in our bottle, or point to our pen!

—As for the vile and slanderous rumor which avers that the liquors and cigars above mentioned were not purchased for the paupers but for the Guardians themselves, and which would fix upon those estimable men, the stigma of peculation and plunder, and the epithets of stuffers and guzzlers, we pass it by with the contempt it deserves. We can truly say, with the late Mr. Webster, that if we have little of the power that can lift a mortal to the skies, we have still less of the desire that would drag an angel down. And if ever an image was applicable to any persons in any official capacity, this image is to the Guardians of the Blockley Alms-House. We can only conceive one reason why seraphic pinions do not instantly bud from their collective shoulders, like the wings from the angel in Parnell's Hermit, and that is, that they might fly away and leave us, which would be an inappreciable calamity. What we should do without them, or what the paupers would do, we really don't know. To say that each man of them is in his own proper person a distinct exemplification of the Man of Ross, is to speak within bounds. Pope, writing of the good bishop of Cloyne, ascribed

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

Instead of "Berkeley" read "Blockley," and the line gives our view of the Guardians.

We are strongly inclined to think that to the presence of such a body of righteous men in our city, may be ascribed our preservation from the intended assault of the late comet. Could a comet rushing down on Philadelphia, see Blockley, think of the goodness of its Guardians, and then strike? No! It shrunk abashed from the meditated act, and, unable to involve the destruction of so much temperance, austerity, probity and honesty in the common fate, it wheeled about, and with its luminous tail between its legs, slunk away into the blue empyrean!

THE FOURTH IN RETROSPECT.

The Fourth of July has gone past, and its rooster-feathered crest and military coat-tails are already vague in distance, while the last faint echoes of its magniloquent Buncombe speeches are already dim in our memories. Before it is wholly out of sight and out of mind, let us not omit to remember how it was kept.

The principal blotch upon the celebration this year was a grand riot in New York. The ruffians and rowdies of that city, infected with the general miasma of license which pervades the air on our national holiday, and stimulated to frenzy with liquor, met and fought with clubs, sticks, stones, bottles and fire-arms. Nine persons were killed in this riot, and two others in minor riots of subsequent occurrence. Sixty or seventy persons, among whom were many policemen, were badly wounded. The street railroad cars were stopped by arms ruffians, and the conductors and passengers robbed of their money and watches. In one instance, the conductor and driver, having fused to "stand and deliver," were savagely beaten. The brigands of the Abruzzi were the streets of New York. As a backgroo for these daring highway robberies and o ges, there was the usual saturnalia of n drunkenness, and variously active sin.

In Philadelphia, the day passed off quietly than usual. There was less cras bursting and firework-fizzing than might been expected. There were only two pe stabbed, and no more than a dozen others injured by the explosion of powder. The was considerable drunkenness; and wicked of different kinds, acting under the usual sti lus, was tolerably rampant. A balloon descended in one of the streets to lan senger, was set upon by a lawless detained for some time by force tried to strike one of the aeronauts d bludgeon, and another stole a speaking trump from the car. Several children were mixed with the rushing crowd, knocked down, severely bruised by being trampled upo Finally the police rescued the aeronauts, the balloon ascended.

In Washington, all was quiet. There little noise, and no disorder of any kind.

In Boston, four citizens were killed by explosion of a mortar, and two others wounded. The usual noise, intemperance, general license prevailed. In all the cities, it was the same.

The catalogue of criminality and folly whic every annual celebration gives us, bears this year the usual splashes of black and red, but with the exception of the great New York blot, they are, we are glad to say, fewer in number and fainter in color. May they grow fewer fainter from year to year! Surely, the in gence of the large majority of the people this country will yet insure us a national day, kept as a day of beautiful and rat enjoyment, and undesecrated by license order of any kind.

OUR LETTERS.—A correspondent in mere, Canada West, under date of June says that the crops promise finely—and much greater breadth of grain has been than ever before. The fruit trees, he will scarcely be able to bear their load fruit.

A letter from Pymosa, Cass county, Io says:—

We had a cold winter here, and a very ward spring. Produce was very high here spring, mostly owing to the emigration. stage coaches are over-laden all the time travellers.

Wheat, corn, potatoes and oats are $1,25 to $2; at Council Bluffs potatoes sold at $3; and at Sioux City, one hu miles above the Bluffs, $4 per bushel. is twenty cents, and butter forty pound.

This is a cold country, yet it is the country of any I have ever been in.

LITERARY INFORMATION.—The following paragraph appears in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*:—

"Tennyson is writing a new poem, Morte d'Arthur, of which, it will be remembered, he has before published a brief extract. Arthur Hallam was Tennyson's friend, in whose memory In Memoriam was written."

This is funny. Is it possible that the editor of a literary paper does not know that the "Morte d'Arthur" of Tennyson refers to the death of the fabulous British king—the Arthur of the old romances—and has no relation whatever to the death of Arthur Hallam, the friend whom Tennyson has immortalized in "In Memoriam?"

New Publications.

A HANDBOOK OF FRENCH LITERATURE, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, (H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.,) supplies a need which has long been felt. The work contains the substance of the Edinburgh Handbook (Miss Foster's), formerly published by Chambers, but has received many additions and improvements at the hands of its American editor, Prof. Angell, of Brown University, Rhode Island. A graceful and erudite essay on the history and peculiarities of the French tongue, some brief notices and biographical sketches of French authors, and footnotes which point to such English biographies and essays as explain and analyze French literature, may be mentioned among the additions we speak of. The work is, on the whole, calculated to give the reader a good general knowledge of French authors and their writings.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE, by M. FIELD, (Miller & Curtis, New York, for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philada.,) is a beautifully printed book of designs for villas, cottages, etc., in the Italian, Gothic, Elizabethan, old English, and Swiss styles. Copious and clear descriptions are appended to the pictures, with scales and ground plans, and estimates of the cost of each kind of building. The best authorities appear to have been consulted in the formation of the designs, and only the best models have been followed. We think the work a valuable one, and well worth the attention of any person about to build. The author is evidently a man of taste and information, and writes clearly and decisively.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL, by T. ADDISON RICHARDS, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is a very valuable work to tourists and travellers. It is a complete guide by railway, steamboat and stage, to all scenes and objects of any importance or interest in the United States or the British Provinces. It has clear maps of all parts of the country, and a number of pictures of famous places. It contains good advice and directions to travellers, information about spots for fishing or field sports, outlines of various towns, and descriptions of all the localities mentioned. In a word, it is a most interesting, useful and convenient guide-book.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July may be had at Mr. W. B. Zieber's. It has a good article on the Life and Works of John Adams, a curious and eloquent paper on the Mechanism of Vital Actions, and other readable matter.

DESTINY UNCERTAIN.

Gracefully shy is yon gazelle;
And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,
Only to shine upon a wild,
Or be reflected in a shallow well?
Ah, who can tell?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat
Her neck? who wreathe the flowers around?
Who give the name? who fence the ground?
Pondering these things, a grave old dervish sat
And sighed, "Ah, who can tell?"

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

☞ *Miss Mary*—Now, Charlie, tell me how much you love me!

Young America (dramatically)—Ah, Mary, there's beggary in the love that can be reckoned!

(Charlie is allowed to subside.)

☞ Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty five years. "Well, Tom," said one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? married yet?" "Yes, and I've got a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can *match* it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

☞ Vice stings us even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evils, and work ease out of pain,
Through labored endurance. —*Milton.*

☞ It is a bad sign when an orator or actor is able to make his first appearance upon the stage, or in the forum, without trepidation and with little sensibility as to the result. Such a one will be pretty sure to escape an egregious failure, but he will as certainly fail to achieve any very brilliant success. Excessive sensibility may be overcome, but a lack of it involves a graver difficulty that can never be remedied.

AN INCIDENT OF BALAKLAVA.—When the Light Brigade was preparing for action, the butcher of the 17th Lancers, who had just been performing his office, slaughtering sheep and oxen, made his appearance in the field, without coat or waistcoat, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his arms and face smeared with blood—a grotesque and terrible figure. He mounted a powerful charger, and rode up to his troop. He had no business there, but the prospect of a bloody fray was too strong to be resisted. He seized two sabres, deliberately examined the temper and edges of the blades, selected the sharpest, and threw the other aside. He then, with equal coolness, took out a short black pipe, charged it, lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and settling himself in the saddle, rode with the "six hundred" into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This man was seen among the Russian batteries, sabreing the gunners right and left, slaying with his own hand at least six of the enemy, cutting his way in the retreat through the swarms of Russian cavalry which vainly sought to intercept the remnant of the gallant band, and, wonderful to relate, he rode back, still smoking his pipe as coolly as if nothing had happened, without having received a single scratch.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 25, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The elections have passed off with the utmost quietness. In this city, 7 out of the 12 wards into which it is divided, have given majorities to the Government candidates; five have pronounced for the opposition. Of these votes, however, three are not decisive; two of the opposition candidates, and one of the Government list, having failed to obtain the proportion of votes with regard to the total number of electors inscribed, required by the constitution. General Cavaignac, who has obtained a relative majority in the 3rd ward, is among the three winners whose claims must be submitted to the decision of a new election. The results from the provinces are not yet fully known; but from those already received it is to be inferred that the Government candidates have obtained majorities throughout the country, except in Lyons and Bordeaux, where two members have been returned by the opposition. The split which has occurred in the ranks of the latter, by dividing the suffrages of the Republican party among two candidates of the same shade, has undoubtedly turned the scale, in some instances, in favor of the Government candidate, who has not obtained a larger cast than that divided between his two opponents. But a symptom exceedingly significant with regard to the state of public feeling, of which Paris is usually the pulse, is the fact that in six out of the seven *arrondissements* in which Cavaignac has been brought forward, he has obtained but a very small minority of votes; while in Paris, where his friends counted on a certain triumph, the relative majority of 10,345 votes cast for him, falls short by 4,123 votes of the number obtained by him in 1852. Whatever may have been the fears at first entertained by the Republicans with regard to the degree of liberty that would be left them by the Government, it is undeniable that they have been allowed to say and to print the most violent criticisms on their opponents. Articles in the *Siecle*, declaring that "To vote for the Government candidates is to vote against the great principles of 1789, and in favor of the re-establishment of the privileges and abuses swept away by the glorious efforts of our sires," have drawn upon that journal the fatal *Third Warning*, which, according to the present constitution, is equivalent to the suppression of the offending print; the "notification" of the "Warning," stating that "the Government, being based on the principles of the Revolution issuing from universal suffrage, and its policy being the most largely democratic ever established in France, cannot permit its spirit and tendency to be thus misrepresented, and its adherents calumniated for party ends." The notification then adds that "the Government has felt it necessary to mark, by this Warning, its indignation at the attacks of the *Siecle*; but determined to leave to all shades of opinion the largest liberty of expression in view of the pending electoral struggle, declines using against that journal the power placed in its hands by the constitution." The "*Liberty of expression*" thus placed under the possible ban of the Government, would, of course, seem very little better than gagging to either branch of the Anglo-Saxon family. But French politics, and the incidents arising therefrom, can only be fairly and truly judged from that standpoint of centralization, regarded as the necessary basis of all Government which has been adopted by all parties in France, and which all are equally determined to avail themselves of against the rest of the world whenever their time shall come.

ATMOSPHERIC TROUBLES.

But if the political atmosphere has become calm again, it is more than can be said of the physical. For a week past nearly all the country has been visited with tremendous thunder storms. Here we have had three, with furious rain, and thunderbolts that have broken off portions of walls, demolished scaffolding, carried large masses of stone to considerable distances, twisted solid iron bars, and performed various other uncomfortable *tours de force*; happily without loss of human life. But elsewhere houses have been set on fire, steeples split, several persons killed, and many wounded by the electric fluid. At Orleans a man was sitting smoking in his kitchen, the fluid passed down the chimney and out at the window, stunning the smoker, but not otherwise injuring him, and making a small round hole, like the prick of a pin, in the bottom of every one of the saucepans and kettles. Whimsical as this effect seems to be, it is positively vouched for by the journals of the town. In another place the fluid fell among a group of laborers, who were hastening home to escape the storm. One of these was struck, the lightning appearing to envelope him for an instant, during which time he turned rapidly two or three times on his heels, and fell to the ground. His death appears to have been instantaneous. His shoes were found at a distance of several yards from the body, uninjured; but his cap, which was found beside it, was torn and twisted out of all semblance of itself. No mark was found on the corpse, except a slight discoloration on one leg. The strangest of these singular caprices of the lightning are the pictures of objects near the place where the bolt happens to fall, which are often found, *daguerreotyped* as it were, on the persons of those who may be placed at a certain angle to the direction of the fluid. A woman, not long since, being in a room through which the fluid passed, found the picture of a rose tree, with its pot, then standing on a little table in another part of the room, distinctly impressed upon her leg, her stocking showing no sign of the agency by which this curious image was produced. She had felt nothing at the time; and the picture threatens to remain permanently on the skin. The papers are teeming with the strange effects produced by this powerful agent, as yet so little known to us; the most extraordinary of them being generally performed by the round globes of electric fire (of rarer descent than the long and rapid "thunderbolts") which come down slowly, move slowly about a room, or about an open space out of doors, as though examining the objects around them, and choosing, as it were, the particular one on which to wreak their mischief. A recent writer on this subject asserts that these balls evidently know what they are about, and act with "malice prepense;" deducing from his observations on electrical phenomena the existence of two kinds of electricity; one being material and unconscious, the other of subtler nature, and possessed of conscious intellect and volition!

A NEW PROMENADE.

Among other projects for the further embellishment of this beautiful city, "the observed of the world," as the Parisians say, is one just proposed for the improvement of a large open space, called the Trocadero, an eminence on the western extremity of the town, and overlooking the river. This ground is to be converted into a magnificent promenade, with beds of flowers and trees; at the outer edge is to be erected a great rampart of stone, over which two great sheets of water will fall into basins below, on the side of the hill. Between these two falls will pass a stone stairway, leading up to the promenade. In the centre of the Trocadero is to be erected a triumphal column, one hundred feet high, to the memory of those who have fallen under the walls of Sebastopol, which column would be just the height of the great towers of Notre Dame, and would be visible from the greater part of the city.

A monument is also about to be erected in Napoleonville to the memory of Gen. Lourmel, who fell gloriously under the walls of that terrible fortress; the Sultan has just announced to the French Government, through the Turkish Ambassador, that he will contribute 20,000 piastres to the cost of this erection.

A SINGULAR STORY.

While measures are thus being taken to preserve among the living the remembrance of the gallant soldiers who have fallen in our own day, it would seem that some of the heroes of the olden time are quite able to prevent our forgetting them, and little scrupulous about the means of so doing; and the avidity with which, of late years, everything relating to magnetism, evocations, and the occult sciences in general, is received by the public here, will explain the interest excited by the following singular story, now going the rounds in the fashionable circles of this city:

It seems that Madame de V——, a lady of very high rank here, recently rented a chateau a few miles from Paris, intending to pass the summer there. Last week she moved into this chateau, with her daughter, a beautiful and very amiable girl of sixteen, and a numerous staff of servants. A large party of relatives and friends went down there with them, on a visit to the newly rented but historic chateau. The night following the installation of the new occupants, Mlle de V—— was suddenly roused from her slumbers by the sound of heavy steps, that appeared to be advancing down the long gallery leading to her room. These steps came nearer and nearer, and were at length heard close to the door; and immediately afterwards the young lady perceived the figure of a knight, in complete armor, that was advancing towards her, having apparently passed through the unopened door.

As the figure neared the bed where the terrified girl lay frozen with horror, she saw that the vizor of the knight was raised, and that his face was that of a skeleton, with two lurid fires glowing in the empty sockets. Turning slowly towards the bed, the knight seemed to glance at the young lady, passed on, and vanished through the opposite wall. Mlle de V——, recovering her courage, hastened to her mother's room, and related the frightful vision. The mother, believing her daughter's reason to be in danger, sent for a physician, who confirmed her fears, and advised that the young lady should at once be subjected to proper treatment with a view of relieving her of what he regarded as a morbid hallucination. Before deciding on this step, Mme de V—— determined to pass the following night with her daughter, which she did; the two ladies occupying the same bed. At the same hour, the same sounds were heard in the gallery and the same mysterious figure entered the room, passing before the bed, apparently without noticing its occupants, and vanishing, as before, through the same part of the opposite wall. Mme de V—— then hastily sprang from the bed, and ran across the room to the window, beside which the knight had disappeared, when she saw the figure mount a black steed that seemed to be waiting below, and could trace his airy flight across the meadows outside by the phosphorescent lights gleaming from the hoofs of the charger. Convinced that her daughter was not the victim of an hallucination, but suspecting that some ingenious trick was played off upon them, Mme de V—— next morning recounted to her brother—a cavalry officer—the annoyance to which her daughter and herself had been subjected. The latter, equally convinced that some trickery had been brought to bear upon them, determined to watch with the ladies on the following night, and accordingly, when the mother and daughter had lain down in the bed, he joined them, hiding himself, with his sabre, behind the bed curtains, ready to deal a blow at the visitor, should he again appear. At the same hour, the same phenomena occurred; the steps were heard coming along the gallery, and the mailed knight entered the chamber as before, advancing slowly towards the bed. The officer sprang from his hiding-place, and placing himself before the figure, ordered it to stop. But the mysterious visitor appeared neither to see nor to hear him, and still moved on slowly towards the bed. Drawing his sabre, the officer now brought it down full upon the figure of the knight, whose armor, cleft by the sabre, gave no sound, the phantom still moving on as though unconscious of the blow. The officer, astounded, let fall his weapon; and the knight, passing on to the same spot, vanished through the wall as before. Next day Mme de V—— left the chateau, and returned to town with her whole establishment; shutting up the chateau, which she has on her hands for a year and pays a high rent for, which will be just so much money thrown away. She is about to proceed, with her daughter, to Baden, where she will pass the summer. I give you this strange story as it is recounted here; leaving your readers to explain it in their own way. Whatever judgment may be formed with regard to it, one point is certain, viz.: that Mme V——, the daughter and the uncle, are most perfectly convinced of the reality of the apparition.

QUANTUM.

☞ One who has more than ordinary discernment, needs to have more than ordinary indulgence, to excuse much of what he sees, and lest it should be said of him—he knows many things, but how to be indulgent is not among them.

DIFFERENCES.

I.

The King can drink the best of wine—
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I;
And cannot order Rain or Shine—
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the King and me?

II.

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
Bless'd be they!
And that's the difference which I see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

III.

Do knaves around me lie in wait
To deceive?
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state—
By my leave?
No, Heaven be thanked! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the King and me!

IV.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips,
Well-a-day!
And that's a difference and to see
Betwixt my lord the King and me.

V.

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the King and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I, and wretched he,
Perhaps the King would change with me!

CHARLES MACKAY.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A party of English philosophers having made the ascent of Mount Etna, just preceding an eruption, narrate their descending experience as follows:

We men are very clever in our way, but nature is often too many for us. According to their day and generation, those travellers were highly scientific, knew all about volcanoes, could dissertate learnedly on gases, and decide beforehand to an inch how far a heavy body, by whatever cause put in motion, could travel in two hours. With regard to the guides, it was altogether impossible that they could ever be taken napping; they understood all the tricks of Etna as well as he did himself, and could always decide whole days beforehand what he was going to do next. Nevertheless, he now stole a march upon them. Awaking with a start, they were surprised at feeling a warmth much greater than their wood-fire was calculated to impart; the sky, moreover, was filled with a blood-red glare, which bewildered at once their senses and their imagination, and the terrible idea suggested itself to their minds that the eruption was in full progress. Indeed, they had but to look around them to discover undeniable proofs of it. They were standing on a knoll, skirted on the side of the cone with trees, and on the right and left, a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down the plain, overthrowing everything in its passage, trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Never did Mr. Fennel witness anything so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralyzed with terror.

"How are we to get out of this situation?" inquired he.

"We don't know," they replied; "we have never before been placed in such circumstances. But we must make some movement, and that speedily, too, or we shall be burned to cinders where we stand. Look! the lava is coming; and those vast trees are bending and cracking at its touch like fine grass."

"Well," replied the traveller, "lead the way—you must know it better than we—that we may get out into the plain country before the fiery streams meet below, and hem us in."

"You are right," declared the guides; "for the lava is pursuing the course of two ravines which have their confluence below yonder hill; and if we fail to precede them, we are lost."

The jokers of the morning were not at all inclined to joke now. The lava was sending its intolerable heat before it, warning them that inevitable death was near unless they escaped from it by miraculous celerity. Down the mountain, therefore they went, leaving everything behind them but the iron shod staves which they carried in their hands. The landscape, previously so silent, was now filled on all sides with fearful noises—the bellowing of terrified herds, the shouts and shrieks of human beings, the sudden bursting up of flames here and there, as the torrents reached some combustible matters, the tumbling down of rocks, and the crash of forests as the irresistible lava forced its way through them. Every moment the glowing flood rose higher and higher, until it overflowed its banks, and began to diffuse itself over the rocky plateau along which the travellers were rushing towards the distant city. At length they came suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, down which they looked, but could discern no bottom. On the right and left was the fire; in front, a gulf of unknown depth; behind, the lava rolling towards them with terrific rapidity, scorching, in its advance, trees, grass, nay, the very earth, which it absorbed and liquefied by its indescribable heat.

"Are you ignorant of this cliff?" inquired Mr. Fennel; "or may we hope to save our lives by throwing ourselves over?"

"It lies entirely out of our track," replied the men, "and we have never seen it before."

I do not pretend to describe Mr. Fennel's feelings at that moment, because he has left behind him no record of them. It is well known that extreme danger often renders men silent; they do not converse, do not discuss their means of escape, do not communicate their fears; their mental powers appear for the moment to be annihilated—they only feel. But what feelings are theirs! All Sicily now appeared to be on fire! The earth was reddening on every side; the sky overhead glowed like a furnace mouth, and clouds dense, charged with igneous particles, and emitting an intolerable stench, were precipitated upon them by the west wind. To be scorched to death, or suffocated, appeared now inevitable, unless they threw themselves over the precipice, and so delivered themselves from such fate by suicide. While they were meditating on this idea, the earth under them began to rock violently. It shook; there was a wild crash; the rock parted and yawned, and they beheld a red streak making its way eastward through the bottom of the crevice. They fled, not knowing whither, towards the left; but their progress was soon arrested by the heat thrown out by the lava. All thoughts, all eyes, were now directed towards the precipice; should they dash over, and, by one leap in the dark, either deliver themselves from the most fearful of deaths, or put an end to their agonies at once? With sensations which baffle all description, they approached the edge of the rock and looked over it. Could they discern anything below? No, all was thick darkness, suggesting unfathomable depth. They would remain therefore where they were, in the hope that the lava might rise no higher, and that when the light of day should make its appearance, they might see some avenue of deliverance. But this hope the guides dissipated. They knew too well that the lava streams now separated would meet and mix before morning and leave not one inch of the ground they now stood on unflooded by fire. Yet all hesitated to plunge down they knew not whither in the dark. While they lived, while they breathed, something like a miracle perhaps might occur to preserve them. They would therefore hope, and defer taking the fatal plunge till there should be nothing else left them. It soon came to this; the fiery circle became contracted, the heat and the sense of suffocation intolerable, and at length the young clergyman, with a mixture of horror and resignation in his countenance, volunteered to make the first plunge. In spite of the volcanic glow, his face assumed the hue of death as he approached the rock. He did not dash forward—he did not throw himself headlong—he turned round, and clinging to the rock with his hands, remained there suspended for a moment, and then—

What was that noise?—that of a body dashing against the rocks—down, down fearfully into some unfathomable gulf. The survivors shouted in agony, and besought him to reply if he still lived. But no answer. Mr. Fennel then said it was his turn, and in the same way he committed himself into the depths of air. There was another pause of suspense and agony. Again the survivors listened; again no answer came. Then followed the barrister; and after that, pell-mell, rushed down servants and guides, and there was silence. They had all taken the leap in the dark, and were they on the shores of Acheron? The precipice, if I may borrow an Hibernianism for the occasion, was no precipice at all, but a very shallow rock, with soft grass growing up to its base. Why, then, did they who leaped not answer? They thought they were going to inevitable death, and that thought for a moment paralysed them, so that they did not recover the use of speech for several minutes. Those minutes had appeared an age to those who awaited a reply. But, long as the time seemed, there elapsed, probably, only a few seconds between the plunge of the clergyman and the simultaneous spring of the servants and guides. What roused them at last was the lava glow, flashing upon them from the rocks above. They rose with a feeling of indescribable gratitude, mingled with fear, and hastened eastward over the plain. They were not yet beyond the reach of the Etnean surges, and therefore pushed along with eager speed till they reached the point where the lava-streams must soon have their confluence. They dashed through the gap—they ascended the rocks on the side of Catania, and soon stood upon a high terrace before the city walls, from whence they behold Etna vomiting forth in smoke and thunder those red torrents, which, at wide intervals, desolate and fertilize the plains of Sicily, suggesting ideas of immeasurable antiquity, since all that part of the island has been gradually created by the mountain. With sobered feelings, and curiosity thoroughly quenched, Mr. Fennel set sail, on the following day, for England, where he often spoke of his leap in the dark.

CHINESE METHOD OF PLANTING.—The Chinese method of preserving plants for next year's crop is most ingenious and well worth notice. Cuttings are found to be much more vigorous and productive than the old roots, and to the formation and preservation of these cuttings the Chinese Cultivator directs his attention. When the stems are cut down for the manufacture of indigo, a sufficient quantity have their leaves stripped off, and are afterwards taken into a house or shed to be properly prepared. The leaves thus stripped from the cuttings are thrown into the tanks with the other stems and leaves so that nothing is lost except what is actually required for the purposes of propagation. The stems are now tied up firmly in large bundles, each containing upwards of 1,000, and the ends of each bundle are cut across, so as to leave them perfectly neat and even both at top and bottom. These bundles are each about a foot long, and, of course, nearly round. Having been thus prepared, they are carried to a dry shed or outhouse, where, in some snug corner, they are packed closely and firmly together, and banked round with very dry loam. A portion of the dry soil is also shaken in between the bundles; and this being done, the operation is complete. Should the winter prove unusually severe, a little dry straw or litter is thrown over the surface of the cuttings, but nothing else is required. During the winter months the cuttings remain green and plump; and, although no leaves are produced, a few roots are generally found formed, or in the act of forming, when the winter has passed, and the season for planting has come round."

THE GENIUS OF HAMILTON.—The National Intelligencer, in some comments respecting the method of transacting business at the Treasury Department, remarks:

"It is another proof added to many others of the superior genius of Hamilton, that all the present system, forms, checks, and balances of the Treasury Department originated with him, without his having a precedent or model to work from, and that, after an experiment of seventy years, no improvement has been made, though no doubt many have been suggested or attempted, upon his original plan."

THE GREAT EASTERN.

Some idea can be formed of the mammoth proportions of this ship, by reading a funny article from Punch:

Several incorrect statements having appeared in reference to the Great Eastern (now lying like a red whale in Mr. Scott Russell's yard at Millwall, and so frightening people that they cut across the river and take refuge by scores in the houses of Messrs. Hart and Quartermaine, who administer white bait and iced punch with the most humane promptitude,) Mr. Punch has been requested to publish the following information touching the arrangements on board the vessel:

Captain Harrison, the Captain, who has been selected in contravention of all rules observed in the public service, the proprietors of the ship having engaged him for the vulgar reason that he was notoriously the best captain on the best line of steamers in the world, will merely attend to the comparatively unimportant duty of taking care of the vessel. But, as there are to be six hundred first class passengers, other captains will be appointed to administer to the domestic wants of the floating colony. There will be a Dining Captain, with great carving powers, and a miraculous flow of after-dinner oratory; and there will be a Flirtation Captain, whose business it will be to render the brief voyage still briefer to the ladies. The former has been a Free Mason, who has eaten his way into all the honors of the craft, and who will hold lodges in the maintop, where the proximity of the fire from the chimney will be highly convenient for heating the gridirons. The latter has been still more carefully selected, and is a gentleman whom his wife is about to divorce, under the new law, for the incompatibility of his red hair with her notions of elegance, and who, under the same law, will be incapable of marrying again. He will therefore have been a family man, which makes him respectable, while at the same time his attentions can mean nothing.

The spiritual welfare of the ten thousand inhabitants of the vessel will be duly cared for. A very handsome church is being built on the after-deck, and four chapels, for Methodists, Catholics, Baptists and Independents, are being erected forward. A pretty rectory house and garden will be placed near the wheel, but it is thought well that the voluntary system should provide for the Dissenting teachers, though in case of sea-sickness during the services, the sea-beadles are ordered to attend everywhere with basins, without regard to distinction of religious faith or bringing up. Births and marriages will be amply provided for; the Directors of the Great Eastern undertaking to be godfathers to any addition made to the population during the voyage; (a silver-smith goes out expressly to engrave the mugs,) and *berceaunettes* may be had gratis, on application to the boatswain. The Captain will act as father to any young (or other) lady who may succeed, by dint of moonlight and Lord Byron, in persuading a gentleman to pay her expenses for the rest of her life, and a large young officer is now growing whiskers and a brogue, in order to act as a brother, and demand intentions, on application from any mamma. Cottages for the honeymoon are being fitted up on the larboard side by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, and will have private telegraphs to the kitchen, nightingales, and Bell's Life.

Weather permitting, races will take place at stated periods, and the Great Eastern Derby will be a feature in the voyage. Once round the vessel being third of a mile, the heat will be easily arranged. A moveable Grand Stand is being constructed by Messrs. Edgington. The stabling in the vessel will afford accommodation for any number of horses, and one of the long boats (itself a large steamer) can be engaged for trial gallops, and be surrounded with awning and ordered to cruise at some distance, in order to insure privacy. The Betting Act not applying to the high seas, an office where the odds will be given will be under the superintendence of the purser. Other amusements will be provided, an American alley, and a skittle ground, being situated on the poop, and a spare boiler being fitted up as a Casino, into which boiling water will not be turned without such notice as may be practicable. A theatre is in course of erection, and an English dramatic author will be kept in the hold, with a safety-lamp to translate any French piece that may be thrown down to him. Two eminent Jew *costumiers* have contracted to supply dresses, and when not engaged in theatrical pursuits, will be happy to fill up their vacant evenings in being converted, on moderate terms, by any passenger who may be going out as a missionary, and wish for practice in dealing with his benighted brethren. (Extra charge for readingth of tracth.) A club room is also being arranged, and candidates for the Great Eastern Club had better send in their names. Trade, moustaches, political opinions, whistling, a short pipe, the habit of asking a question, Puseyism, or a pug-nose, will exclude.

Cab stands will be placed at the most convenient parts of the ship, and tables of fare and distances affixed. Incivility or overcharge will consign the offender to the cat, but the flogging will be conducted in a back yard of the vessel where the loudest-throated fellow may bawl without being heard by the public. Bath-chairs and perambulators will also be waiting, and omnibuses will convey the humbler passengers to various parts of the vessel. Previously to the show of the electric light, every evening, a grand display of fireworks, and a balloon will ascend once a week with letters for any quarter to which the wind may be blowing. Further particulars will be furnished from time to time until the launch.

"'Tis strange but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction. If it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!

—*Byron.*

☞ Indulgence is accorded to our errors from characters and considerations widely different. The designing are indulgent to them from policy, hoping to profit by them; the depraved from sympathy, and wishing to share them; the wise from knowing our weakness, and the force of temptations; and the good from natural charity.

☞ There are a good many subjects, much discussed, and a good many things, much pursued, that are a sort of butterflies of the mind. You pursue, overtake and grasp them, and lo! they perish the very instant they are seized.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[See Engraving.]

Douglas Jerrold died of disease of the heart, at Kilburn Priory, London, on Monday, the 8th of June. He was born in London in 1803, and has gone through in the past half century the several phases of sailor, compositor, dramatist, author, satirist, and newspaper editor. His father was the manager of the theatre at Sheerness, where, in his earlier days, he obtained an acquaintance with sailors and shipping, and was seized with the desire to go to sea. He obtained a midshipman's commission on board a man-of-war, in which he served for about two years until the close of the war. On quitting the service he was apprenticed to a printer in London. His leisure hours were now devoted to self-instruction. An essay on the opera of *Der Freischutz*, which he dropped into the editorial box of a newspaper on which he was employed as a compositor, is the reported beginning of his literary labors. To his surprise and delight, his own anonymous "copy" was handed over to him to put in type, and shortly afterwards appeared an editorial notice soliciting other contributions from the unknown correspondent. *Black-Eyed Susan*, originally produced at the Surrey Theatre, under the management of Mr. Elliston, and afterwards transferred to Drury Lane, is generally considered the first of his dramatic works, but it was preceded by a number of farces to which he did not affix his name. It was followed by the *Rent Day*, *Nell Gwynne*, the *Housekeeper*, the *Prisoner of War*, and latterly by several five-act comedies, among which *Time Works Wonders* and the *Bubbles of a Day* were most celebrated. Latterly the greatest literary triumphs of Mr. Jerrold have been achieved in the periodical publications of the day. Among them were the papers which he collected under the title of "Cakes and Ale," and the "Candle Lectures," which so accelerated the rising popularity of *Punch*. He then commenced a monthly review, called the *Illuminated Magazine*, in which appeared his "Clovernook," one of the best written of his works. After a year or so this publication was discontinued, and he started another, called *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*. In this periodical the tale of "St. Giles's and St. James's" was first published. In 1846 he commenced a weekly newspaper, which, as he was disappointed in the sale, he afterwards sold, and devoted himself to *Punch*, to dramatic authorship, and to the editorship of a cheap weekly newspaper of large circulation called *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.

The London Athenæum justly describes him as a man of vast and peculiar force, and adds with equal justice:—"Heroes dwarf in the eyes of their valets; distance lends enchantment to the view; but Douglas Jerrold was the greatest marvel to those who knew him best. His reading was wide, and his memory for what he read prodigious. He knew the whole of Shakspeare by heart, and every noble line or beautiful image in Faust and the Inferno slept within his ripe like the charge in a gun. He delighted in Eddas and Zendavestas, in the lore of the Rabbis, in science and in the mysteries of the schoolmen. Lightfoot was familiar to him as Rabelais and Montaigne, Bacon as Fuller and Donne. Yet the powers which made his fame were native. He was most widely known perhaps by his wit; for wit catches the sense like a torch in a ravine, even though the gold mines may lie unnoticed close by. But his wit, however brilliant, was not his finest gift. Indeed, in his serious moments, he would laugh at his own repartees as tricks—as a mere habit of mind—which he could teach any dull fellow in two lessons! His wit made only one side of his genius—sprung indeed from a central characteristic—the extraordinary rapidity of his apprehension. He saw into the hearts of things. He perceived analogies invisible to other men. These analogies sometimes made him merry, sometimes indignant. And as he never hung fire, dull people often saw his wrath before they understood his reason; and they blamed him, not in truth because he was wrong, but because they were slow."

The best part of his life was given to influencing the public mind through the medium of the stage, which he did by a remarkable series of plays, unsurpassed for brilliancy of wit and fancy. His other works are numerous, and are equally fine whether in the trenchant satire of the "Candle Lectures," the philosophic vein of the "Chronicles of Clovernook," or the mingled pathos, humor, sarcasm, invective, and eloquence which appear in his noble and fiery novel "St. Giles and St. James." His strong hand was felt strongly in English politics. In the days when Leigh Hunt wore "the chain for Freedom's sake," in a London prison, for criticizing that bestial profligate, George the Fourth, Jerrold wrote a political work which would probably have sent him to Newgate. The book was printed, but the publishers' courage failed them, and it was suppressed. Of late years he returned to politics as a sub editor of Albany Fonblanque's *Examiner*—returned to find his once heretical opinions popular in the country, and triumphant in the House of Commons. "Of his efforts as a journalist," says the Athenæum, "we need not speak. He found *Lloyd's Newspaper*, as it were, in the street, and he annexed it to literature. He found it comparatively low in rank, and he spread it abroad on the wings of his genius, until its circulation became a marvel of the press."

"His place among the wits of our own time," adds the same paper, "is clear enough. He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humor than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood. But he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points—and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humor. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an hour with his latch-key, leans back and exclaims, 'By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen—stolen—the keyhole!' comes as near farce as any of his illustrations. His celebrated definition of Dogmatism as 'Puppyism come to maturity' looks like a happy pun—but is something far more deep and philosophic. Between this, however, and such fancies as his description of Australia—'A land so fat, that if you tickle it with a straw, it laughs with a harvest'—the distance is not great. In his earlier time, before age and success had mellowed him to his best, he was sometimes accused of ill-nature, a charge which he vehemently resented and which seemed only ludicrous to those privileged with his friendship. To folly, pretence, and assumption he gave no quarter, though in fair fight; and some of those who tried lances with him, long remembered his home thrust. We may give two instances without offence, for the combatants are all gone from the scene. One of those playwrights who occupied Old Drury, under the French, against whom he waged ceaseless war of epigram, was describing himself as suffering from fever of the brain. 'Courage, my good fellow,' says Jerrold, 'there is no foundation for the fact.' When the flight of Guizot and Louis Philippe from Paris was the talk of London, a writer of no great parts was abusing the Revolution and pitying Guizot. 'You see,' he observed, 'Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat.' 'Aye, aye,' says Jerrold, 'but not with the same sculls.' Yet such personal encounters were but the play of the panther. No man ever used such powers with greater gentleness. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, his fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say No. His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling somebody would get sixpence of it from him. He had a lending look, of which many took advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibdin, that worthy gentleman and song writer said to him—'Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?' 'Oh, yes,' said the author of "Black-Eyed Susan," 'I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea.' A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at the bankers—led him into trials from which a colder man would have easily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he as willingly mortgaged his future for a friend as another man would bestow his advice or his blessing. And yet this man was accused of ill-nature! If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting-place of Douglas Jerrold."

To that last resting place he was borne by a cortege of two thousand mourners, among whom were the best literary men of England. There were Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Albert Smith, Buckstone, Monckton Milnes, Hepworth Dixon, Maclise, John Forster, and almost every other literary and artistic celebrity in London. But that day they were not celebrities, but men who knew this man, loved him, and mourned that he had left them.

He has gone to higher labors. *Punch*, whose columns he lit so often with his humane and brilliant humor, pays the following tribute to his memory. It may well stand as his epitaph:

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

DIED JUNE 8TH, 1857.

Low lies the lion-like gray head;
The broad and bright blue eye is glazed;
Quenched is that flashing wit, which blazed,
The words that woke it scarcely said.

Those who but read the writer's word,
Might deem him bitter; we that knew
The man, all saw the sword he drew
In tongue-fence, was both shield and sword.

That sword, in the world's battle-throng,
Was never drawn upon the meek;
Its skill to guard was for the weak,
Its strength to smite was for the strong.

His sympathy was ever given
Where need for it was surest felt;
In pity that blue eye would melt,
Which against wrong, blazed like the levin.

Not for his wit, though it was rare;
Not for his pen, though it was keen;
We sorrow for his loss, and lean
Lovingly over that gray hair

To place the wreath, befitting those
Who like good men and true have striven;
By God, not man, he must be shriven;
Men guess and grope; God sees and knows.

Original and Striking Simile.—At a recent meeting in New York, the Rev. Mr. Cuyler told the following amusing story:—

A city buck of the Broadway order went into the country, and they invited him to a deer hunt. He had seen the antlers of a deer, and had a lively notion of venison, but he knew about as little of the live animal as he did about the gun they gave him. They placed him where the deer was to pass, and told him to fire as soon as he saw him. He stood and trembled. Soon he heard the baying of the hounds, and before long there was a crackling of the underbrush, and a magnificent deer rushed by with immense antlers, and his tail erect. The city buck still stood and trembled. The huntsmen came up, and asked why he did not shoot? His lips trembled, as he answered, "I saw nothing but the devil go by with an arm chair on his head, and his handkerchief sticking out behind."

A Stout-Hearted Woman.—On one occasion, all the able-bodied men in Eastern Massachusetts had been summoned to Rhode Island, to defend Providence and Newport against an anticipated attack of the English. It was the planting season, and the year's crop was imperilled by their protracted absence. The pastor of one of the country churches, riding up to a farmhouse one day, designing to pay a parochial visit, was met at the gate by a sturdy matron, equipped in her husband's breeches, frock and boots, with a hat on her head, and a whip in her hand. Not far off stood the oxen yoked to a plough. "My good woman," said the astonished minister, "what does all this mean?" "Mean?" she answered, with a stamp of the heel and a crack of the whip, "Lord North says we shan't plant, but I swear we *will!*"

A Hint to the Wise.—Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

DOUGLAS JERROLD, AUTHOR OF THE "CAUDLE LECTURES," ETC.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF WASHINGTON.

The fourth volume of Irving's Life of Washington, just published, presents the patriot here in the most charming view. For example, read the following interesting anecdotes:

The reverential awe which the deeds and elevated position of Washington threw around him was often a source of annoyance to him in private life, especially when he perceived its effects upon the young and gay. We have been told of a case in point, when he made his appearance at a private ball, where all were enjoying themselves with the utmost glee. The moment he entered the room the buoyant mirth was checked; the dance lost animation; every face was grave; every tongue was silent. He remained for a time, endeavoring to engage in conversation with some of the young people, and to break the spell; finding it in vain, he retired sadly to the company of the elders in an adjoining room, expressing his regret that his presence should operate as such a damper. After a little while, light laughter and happy voices again resounded from the ball-room, upon which he rose cautiously, approached on tip toe the door, which was ajar, and there stood for some time, a delighted spectator of the youthful revelry.

Washington, in fact, though habitually grave and thoughtful, was of a social disposition, and loved cheerful society. He was fond of the dance; and it was the boast of many ancient dames in our day, who had been belles in the time of the Revolution, that they had danced minuets with him, or had him for a partner in contra-dances. There were balls in camp, in some of the dark times of the Revolution.—"We had a little dance at my quarters," writes Gen. Greene, from Middlebrook, in March, 1779. "His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upward of three hours without once sitting down. Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk."

A letter of Col. Tench Tilghman, one of Washington's aid-de-camps, gives an instance of the General's festive gaiety, when in the above year the army was cantoned near Morristown. A large company, of which the General and Mrs. Washington, General and Mrs. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Olney, were part, dined with Colonel and Mrs. Biddle. Some little time after the ladies had retired from table, Mr. Olney followed them into the next room. A clamor was raised against him as a deserter, and it was resolved that a party should be sent up to demand him, and that if the ladies refused to give him up, he should be brought by force. Washington humored the joke, and offered to head the party. He led it with great formality to the door of the drawing-room and sent in a summons. The ladies refused to give up the deserter. An attempt was made to capture him. The ladies came to the rescue.—There was a melee, in the course of which his Excellency seems to have had a passage at arms with Mrs. Olney. The ladies were victorious, as they always ought to be, says the gallant Tilghman.

Bulwer's Portrait.—Mr. Willis, speaking of the portrait of Bulwer, published lately in certain papers, says it "is as much like him as a plough is like a pen-knife. The picture represents a stout, erect, bearded and bandit-looking fellow, in his just-matured adolescence; and the author of 'Pelham' is a small, attenuated, crooked-backed little consumptive, very deaf and very debilitated, with a prominent nose left high and dry by the receding tide of flesh and blood on the ebb. The fire of genius in his fine eye makes you forget, while you look at him, whether he is a giant or a Lilliputian, and that is probably the illusion under which the artist drew the present portrait."

A Story with a Bearing.—There is an Arabian story, which says that the great Sheik Hassan Al Sum Bodih, was one day visited by his neighbor, Ali Mohamed Watchu-Kalem, who was desirous of borrowing of the Sheik a rope. But the Sheik was not in a liberal mood, and replied that he was just about to use the rope, for the purpose of tying up a hundredweight of sand—or, as the great Arabian scholar, Ibn Rigm Arol, tells the story, a million grains of barley. "But how can you tie up sand with a rope?" asked the amazed Mohamed Watchu-Kalem. "Oh, friend," replied the Sheik, as he puffed at his pipe, "Allah is great, and we can do queer things with a rope—*when we don't want to lend it!*"

VOICE OF THE PESTILENCE.

[The following poem was written in 1831, on the approach of the Cholera from the east towards the western parts of Europe, and it is appropriate to its renewed appearance and westward progress, as mentioned in recent journals.]

Breathless the course of the Pale White Horse,
Bearing the ghastly form—
Rapid and dark as the spectre bark
When it sweeps before the storm!
Balefully bright through the torrid night
Sanguinaleel meteors glare—
Fiercely the spires of volcanic fires
Stream on the sulphurous air!

Shades of the slain through the murderer's brain
Flit terrible and drear—
Shadowy and swift the black storm-drift
Doth trample the atmosphere!
But swifter than all, with a darker pall
Of terror around my path,
I have arisen from my lampless prison—
Slave of the high God's wrath!

A deep Voice went from the Firmament,
And it pierced the caves of Earth—
Therefore I came on my wings of flame!
From the dark place of my birth!
And it is said: "Go from the South to the North,
Over yon wandering ball—
Sin is the King of the doomed Thing,
And the sin beguiled must fall!"

Forth from the Gate of the Uncreate,
From the portals of the Abyss—
From caverns dim where vague forms swim,
And shapeless chaos is!
From Hades' womb—from the joyless tomb
Of Erebus and Old Night—
From the unseen deep where death and sleep
Brood in their mystic might—
I come—I come—before me are dumb
The nations aghast for dread—
Lo! I have past as the desert blast
And the millions of Earth lie dead.

A voice of fear from the Hemisphere
Troubleth me where I fly—
Earth weeping aloud for her widowhood—
A wild and desolate cry!
Thrones and dominions beneath my pinions
Cower like meanest things—
Melt from my presence the pride and the pleasance
Of pallor stricken kings!
Sorrow and mourning supremely scorning,
My throne is the boundless air—
My chosen shroud is the dark-plumed cloud—
Which the whirling breezes bear!

Was I not borne on the wings of the morn
From the jungles of Jessore,
Over the plain of the purple main
To the far Mauritian shore?
To the isles which sleep on the sunbright deep
Of a coral paved sea;
Where the blue waves welter beneath the shelter
Of Heaven's serenity?
From the womb of the waters, athirst for slaughters,
I rose that thirst to slake—
These green isles are graves in the waste of the waves:
This beauty is desolate!
From the wide Erytrean the noise of Hean
Rolled on the southern blast—
Eternal Taurus made answering chorus,
From the glaciers lone and vast!
Did I not pass his granite mass,
And the rigid Caucasian hill—
Over burning sands—over frost-chained lands,
Borne at my own wild will?

Then hark to the beat of my hastening feet,
Thou shrieked in the sea;
Where are the dreams that the Ocean streams
Would be safety unto thee?
Awaken! awaken! my wings are shaken
Athwart the troubled sky—
Streams the red glance of my meteor lance
And the glare of my eager eye!
Hearken, oh hearken! my coming shall darken
The light of thy festal cheer;
In thy storm-rocked home on the Northern foam;
Nursling of Ocean—hear!

The Marriage Service.—Sir John Bowring, the British Ambassador to China, who, by the way, wrote "Watchman, Tell us of the Night," as well as many other charming pieces of church psalmody, is said to be not only a very eccentric, but a very opinionated man. On one occasion he was animadverting upon the "wickedness," as he expressed it, of the marriage service as prescribed by the Church of England. "Look at it," said he; "with this ring I thee wed—that's sorcery; with my body I thee worship—that's idolatry; and with all my worldly goods I thee endow—that's a lie."

Anecdote of Whitfield.—Whitfield, when preaching at Princeton, N. J., detecting one of his auditory fast asleep, came to a pause, and deliberately spoke as follows:—

"If I had come to speak to you in my own name, you might question my right to interrupt your indolent repose; but I have come in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and," with a heavy blow upon the pulpit, he roared out, "*I must and will be heard!*"

You may be sure that the sleeper started up as if he heard close to his head a clap of thunder.

RUSE OF A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.

A western young lady writes home to a Detroit paper a gossiping account of her visits to Albany, New York, in the course of which she relates the following amusing story:—

Among the scenes visited she had been present at a private social dance near Albany, at which a Miss Vance, a talented, elegant girl of twenty, was also a guest. This young lady had been noted for "leading the fashion" in that neighborhood, and, having come home in the last foreign steamer, her appearance was anxiously looked for—for it was calculated upon all hands that her wardrobe would display Parisian styles "a little later than the latest." About ten o'clock the lady in question entered the drawing-room, and, as a matter of course, all eyes were turned upon her. She was attired in heavy "Pompadour" (a fashion of Louis XV. time), amply-skirted, falling in long fluted folds, and describing a circumference of some three yards around her pretty feet. The dress was low—to admiration—had hanging sleeves, open and slashed, with rich lace under-sleeves and chemise, a diamond stomacher, ear-rings and necklace, and profuse diamond ornaments. She flirted demurely with an immense painted fan, and occasionally dropped, for the amusement of danglers, a lace *mouchoir*. The dress was perfect and admirable, captivating even to the embroidered silk stockings and the diamond-buckled, red-heeled shoes. Curiosity was on tiptoe—the forms of polite society were almost broken through in eagerness to scrutinize, to examine, and inspect in detail what constituted such a magnificent *tout ensemble*. The night wore on—still no word or look from the pretty fashion-leader gave token that she was aware of the interest she excited. The pretty little diamond-buckled, red-heeled shoe tripped merrily through waltz and schottische, quadrille and cotillion, but no sign of weariness—no sign of consciousness was manifest. The men were growing crazy with admiration—the women with envy, when all at once, in the whirl of the waltz, a diamond buckle flew off, and the little shoe spun glittering to a distant corner. A dozen emulous youths sprang for it; the foremost and most enterprizing seized, and gazed abstractedly into its interior, where the warm, pretty foot had so lately nestled, exclaiming: "Wendell, corniwainer, Albany, 1769." The gipsy had been figuring in the wedding gear of her defunct great-grandmother, and passing herself off the while as the representative of "the newest French styles."

LIFE IN THE WEST.

The following genuine woman's letter is from the Portsmouth Tribune. The excitement and novelty of the wild life doubtless helps to pay for its privations. The letter is from Strawberry Hill, Kansas, and dated May 17th. In getting out there, after leaving the boat, they all "piled into one little wagon," stopped one night at a log house, "innocent of daub and chinking," and had to hold the bed clothes with their teeth to prevent them from blowing away. We quote the rest of the letter:—

"I wish to goodness that I could give you a drawing of our house and furniture, but I can't do the thing justice. The house is about as large as your kitchen. The logs are beautifully hewed in the inside (they still retain their natural appearance on the outside.) I have the greatest quantity of kindlings by just going around the *walls* and pulling them off. We will have enough to last several years, if we have good luck. We have no window, but something far more convenient, made by simply moving the shingles to one side, as they are not nailed; it answers every purpose. The day we got here, Mr. S——— made a table and a cupboard, and two benches (one has a back.) As our bedstead has not yet come from 'The Post,' we make our beds on the floor. We have two shelves where we put all our pretty things. Three or four bags hanging around the walls help the appearance of them very much. My guitar occupies a friendly position near the meal-bag. I have a nice little cooking stove, which bakes very well. We have no chairs, or anything that 'town people' require.

"I wish you had seen us eating our first dinner; we had no dishes. Charley ate off a shingle; Mr. S——— took the lid of the stove! M——— ate off her bread; I had a big piece of brown paper. We drank our coffee out of tin cups. D——— and Mr. S——— have made two of the nicest gardens you ever saw. They fenced them, and all in three days. I helped D——— clear off the garden for three days—and I wish you could see my hands! But I have been very happy—it is so nice to work alone with one's husband. Thursday I did a three weeks washing. D——— is very well, and as happy as he can be. He has a wagon and a yoke of oxen, cow and calf, two turkeys and two dogs—which, I believe, is all the live stock we have yet. We have not seen butter since we left the boat—it is not fashionable here. D——— is going to build a house next week—a frame one too. How I wish you were here; I long to see you. The country is lovely, and we have a splendid place. I have two beautiful bouquets I gathered yesterday when I went with D——— after wood. I rode in an ox-wagon! It has been so cold lately that I have worn two dresses. I think the comet does it; what do you think of it by this time? We have the most gooseberries and raspberries you ever saw, all near the house; besides strawberries all around the door, and plenty of wild plums."

Note Your Thoughts.—Lord Bacon says: "A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought are commonly the most profitable, and should be secured, because they seldom return." This distinguished man here advises wisely, and were his suggestion herein followed by mankind generally, what a fund of good thoughts they might transmit to posterity. Even they who think very humbly of their own thoughts, might carry pencil in their pocket with which to write down the good and great thoughts of others they might meet with.

☞ To disperse a mob—mount a lamp-post and commence reading a chapter from the Bible.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The gay hues and light textures suited for the costumes of summer are now those generally preferred for the various articles of dress. We have seen several very elegant robes of white muslin, organdy, and tarlotane, which are intended for dinner and evening costume. They are made with double skirts. The lowest skirt is finished at the edge with a broad hem, headed by rich needlework, the pattern consisting of wreaths, sprigs, or bouquets of flowers. The upper skirt is ornamented on each side with longitudinal rows of embroidery, the pattern consisting either of bouquets placed one above the other, or of wreaths running up from the edge of the skirt to the waist. The flowers worked on the upper skirt are the same as those on the lower one, and sometimes Valenciennes insertion is interminglied with the needlework. A flounce of Valenciennes lace, placed at the edge of the upper skirt, adds greatly to the richness of dresses made in this style. These dresses have usually both a high and a low corsage; either the one or the other being worn as occasion may require. The low corsage has a berthe composed entirely of lace and needlework. The sleeves are formed of three frills of Valenciennes lace, separated by bands of embroidery; the frills are looped up with bows of ribbon. A ceinture of ribbon, corresponding with that forming the bows on the sleeves, is generally worn round the waist. The high corsages may be made in the style of a jacket or basquine, and may be worn with a skirt of colored silk as suitably as with those of white muslin.

We may mention two out-door costumes (intended for mourning) which have just been prepared for ladies of acknowledged taste. One is of black silk, and is ornamented with side trimmings of black lace. With the black lace are intermingled, at intervals, a few small bows of black velvet, each bow having a jet bead in the centre. The corsage has a basque trimmed with lace, velvet bows, and jet beads, in a style corresponding with the trimming on the skirt. Under-sleeves of tulle. A point or half shawl of black lace, having a scalloped edge, will be worn with this dress. The bonnet consists of black tulle bouillonne, edged with a demivell of lace turned back. The bonnet is trimmed both on the outside and in the cap with crape flowers intermingled with jet. The other dress is composed of black barege. The skirt is trimmed with seven flounces, each bordered with three stripes in white satin. The corsage, half high, is ornamented with a berthe edged with stripes in white, and the sleeves are wide and loose. A ceinture of black and white striped ribbon is tied in a bow on the left side. The under-sleeves are of black tulle. A bonnet of French chip, trimmed with black velvet and jet, and a cloak of black silk trimmed with fringe, complete the costume.

A bonnet of French chip has just been made in Paris for the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It is trimmed on the outside with two ostrich feathers mounted in the weeping willow style, and with blonde lace. In the inside, there are sprays of white flowers with foliage variegated in green and violet. Another bonnet, also made in Paris for her Serene Highness, is composed of sewed chip. The trimming consists of blonde, and a bouquet of heartsease of various hues formed of velvet. The same flowers are interminglied with the under-trimming.—*London Lady's Paper, June 13.*

☞ What tables are most used throughout the world?—Vege-tables, ea tables, constables, and time-tables.

Useful Receipts.

Hoof Ointment.—Take one pound each of tar and tallow, and mix them with half a pound of common turpentine, in a stoneware dish. Stir them well until they are thoroughly incorporated together. This forms an excellent dressing for the sore hoofs of horses and oxen.

Destruction of Ants.—To an infusion of one ounce and a half of sliced quassia woods, or shavings, in one quart of boiling water, add, when cold, about half a pound of honey or molasses. Place small flat saucers, half filled with the sweetened mixture, with short straws floating upon it, in different parts of the garden or conservatory, under shelter from the rain, and in such position as may facilitate the approach of the ants. These little creatures will soon discover the traps, the contents of which they eagerly devour, despite the intense bitterness. The destructive qualities may be increased by the addition of about half an ounce of ferrocyanate of potash. Bee-keepers alone need be cautious of their stocks, for it is equally fatal to this kindred tribe of useful insects; but the danger may be avoided by a gauze or net covering to each saucer, with meshes wide enough to admit the intended victims, or close sieve may be used to cover the traps. To prevent them climbing trees, nothing is better than a ring of gas tar round the stem, which effectually prevents their mounting.

Corn Beer. A Good Drink for Haymakers.—Take one pint of corn and boil it until it is a little soft, add to it a pint of molasses and one gallon of water; shake them well together, and set it by the fire, and in twenty-four hours the beer will be excellent. When all the beer in the jug is used, just add more molasses and water. The same corn will answer for six months, and the beer will be fit for use in twelve hours, by keeping the jug which contains it warm. In this way the whole ingredients used in making a gallon of beer will not cost over four cents, and it is better and more wholesome than cider. A little yeast added, greatly forwards the "working" of the beer.—*Ohio Farmer.*

To Keep Eggs.—Eggs, which are now so abundant, can, it is said, be better preserved in *corn meal* than in any other preparation yet known. Lay them with the small end down, and, if undisturbed, they will be as good at the end of the year as when packed.

Removing and Preventing Rust.—Some persons employ an acid to remove rust from knives; this should never be done under any circumstances. Nothing surpasses rotten stone and oil for scouring knives and forks. To prevent stoves and grates from rusting during summer, if placed in damp situations, give them a thin coat of lard and resin melted together, in the proportions of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

YOU AND I!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I shall be happy when it is said
"Ethel and Archie Clair are wed!"

You have his heart and I his troth,
Ethel, sweet, *can he love us both?*

We are two blossoms on one stem—
You are the fair tree's diadem:

You are a red rose fully blown—
I am the palest ever grown,

Therefore he gathers your bloom, and I
Am left by the garden-wall to die!

Nay, I never will die for *him*,
Though all the world with my loss be dim.

He is fickle and weak and vain,
A mocker at woman's joy or pain.

You may sit in his house and sing,
A summer-bird with a fettered wing,

But I shall be out, and up and away,
Free as the winds that blow in May;

Over the hills and the roaring sea,
Breathing the sunlight gloriously!

Scorning your golden prison-bars,
I shall be palaced among the stars,

Hearing the anthem of the spheres,
High over the drowning sea of tears.

Never the broken vows of men
Can trouble my beautiful quiet then.

How you will envy me, little one,
You in the shadow, and I in the sun!

But, peerless Ethel, sister mine,
By the red blood of thy bridal wine;

By the false heart of Archie Clair,
By thine own face, so tender and fair,

By my love and my ruined faith,
By all that is strong in life or death,

Though he wed thee this very day,
With face turned heavenward I shall pray,

Till my soul goes out at a deathly door—
God's Angel bide with them evermore!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXII.

"INJUN SIGN."

After a pause, the guides resumed their conversation, and I continued to listen. I had a reason for not mingling in it. If I joined them in their counsels, they might not express their convictions so freely, and I was desirous of knowing what they truly thought. By keeping close behind them, I could hear all—myself unnoticed under the cloud of dust that rose around us. On the soft ashes, the hoof-strokes was scarcely audible, our horses gliding along in a sweeping silent walk.

"By gosh, then," said Garey, "if Injuns fired the parsley, they must 'a done it to windard, an we're travellin right in the teeth o' the wind; we're goin in a ugly direction, Rube, what do you think o' 't, old hoss?"

"Jest what you sez, boyee—a cussed ugly direckshun—durnation'd ugly."

"It ain't many hours since the fire begun, an the redskins won't be far from t'other side, I reckon. If the hoss-trail leads us right on them, we'll be in a fix, old boy."

"Ay," replied Rube, in a low but significant drawl; "ef it do, an ef this nigger don't a miskalkerlate, it *will* lead right on 'em, *plum straight custrut into thur camp.*"

I started on hearing this. I could no longer remain silent; but brushing rapidly forward to the side of the trapper, in hasty phrase demanded his meaning.

"Jest what ee've heern me say, young fellur," was his reply.

"You think that there are Indians ahead—that the horse has gone to their camp?"

"No, not gone thur; nor kin I say for sartint thur ur Injuns yet; though it looks mighty like. Thur's nuthin else to guv reezun for the fire—nuthin as Bill or me kin think o'; an ef thur be Injuns, then I don't think the hoss hez gone to thur camp, but I do kalkerlate it's mighty like he's been *tuk* thur; thet's what I thinks, young fellur."

"You mean that the Indians have captured him?"

"Thet's preezactly what this child means."

"But how—what reason have you for thinking so?"

"Wal, jest because I think so!"

"Pray explain, Rube," I said, in an appealing tone.

I feared that his secretive instincts would get the better of him, and he would delay giving his reasons from a pure love of mystification that was inherent in the old fellow's nature. I was too anxious to be patient; but my appeal proved successful.

"Wal, 'ee see, young fellur, the hoss must a crosst hyur jest afore this paraira wur set afire; an it's mighty reezunible to s'pose thet whosomedever did the bizness, Injun or no Injun, must a been to win'ard o'hyur. It ur also likely enuf, I reckun, thet the party must 'a need the hoss; an it ur likely agin thet nobody wa'nt a gwine to see *that* hoss wi' the gurl stropped down 'long his hump ribs, 'ithout bein kewrious enuf to take arter 'im. Injuns ud be safe to go arter 'im, yellin like blazes; an arter 'im they've gone, an roped 'im, I reckun—thet they've done."

"You think they could have caught him?"

"Sartint. The hoss by them must a been dead beat—thet ur, unless he's got the divvil in 'im; an by Geehorum! I gin to suspect——Gehu—Gehosophat! jest as I said; lookee thur—thur!"

"What is it?" I inquired, seeing the speaker suddenly halt and point to the ground, upon which his eyes also were fixed. "What is it, Rube? I can perceive nothing strange."

"Don't 'ee see 'em hoss-tracks!—thur, thick as sheep-feet—hundreds o' 'em!"

I certainly noticed some slight hollows in the surface, nearly levelled up by the black ashes. I should not have known them to be horse-tracks.

"They ur," said Rube, "every one o' 'em—an Injun hoss-tracks sure."

"They may be the wild-hosses, Rube?" said one of the rangers, riding up and surveying the sign.

"Wild jackasses!" angrily retorted the old trapper. "Whur did you ever see a wild hoss? Do 'ee s'pose I've turned stone-blind, do 'ee? Stan thur, my mar!" he cried, flinging his lean carcass out of the saddle, at the same time talking to his mare; "'oo knows better than thet fellur, I kin tell by the way yur sniftin. Keep yur ground a mim.it, ole gurl, till ole Rube shew these hyur green-horns how a mountain man kin read sign—wild hosses! wagh!"

After thus delivering himself, the trapper dropped upon his knees, placed his lips close to the ground, and commenced blowing at the black ashes. All had by this time ridden up, and sat in their saddles watching him.

We saw that he was clearing the ashes out of one of the hollows which he had pronounced to be horse-tracks, and which now proved to be so.

"Thur now, mister!" said he, turning triumphantly, and rather savagely, upon the ranger who had questioned the truth of his conjecture; "thur's a *shod* track—shod wi' parflesh, too. Did 'oe ever see a wild hoss, or a wild mule, or a wild jackass eyther, shod wi' parflesh? Ef 'ee did, it's more'n Rube Rawlins ever seed, an thet ur trapper's been on the hoss-plains well nigh forty yearn. Wagh!"

Of course, there was no reply to this interrogatory. There was the track, and, dismounting, we all examined it in turn.

Sure enough, it was the track of a shod horse—shod with *parfleche*—thick leather made from the hide of the buffalo bull.

We all knew this to be a mode of shoeing practised by the horse-Indians of the plains, and only by them.

The evidence was conclusive; Indians had been upon the ground.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

TRANSLATING THE "SIGN."

This discovery brought us to a halt. A consultation ensued, in which all took part; but as usual, the others listened to the opinions of the prairie-men, and especially to that of Rube.

The old trapper was inclined to sulk for some time, and acted as if he meant to withhold his advice. Nothing "huffed" him more than to have his word contradicted or his skill called in question. I have known him to be "out of sorts for days, from having his woodcraft doubted by some one whom he deemed *less skilled* than himself; and, indeed, there were few of his kind whose knowledge of the wilderness was at all comparable with his. He was not always in the right, but generally where his instincts failed, it was idle to try further. In the present case, the man who had thoughtlessly doubted him was one of the "greenest" of the party, but this only aggravated the matter in the eyes of Old Rube.

"Sich a fellur as you," he said, giving a last dig to the offending ranger—"sich a fellur as you oughter git yur head shut up; thet ur tongue o' yourn keeps a gwine like a bull's tail in fly-time. Wagh!"

As the man made no reply to this rather rough remonstrance, Rube's "dander" soon smoothed down, and once more getting cool, he turned his attention to the business of the hour.

That there had been Indians upon the ground was now an ascertained fact; the peculiar shoeing of the horses rendered it indubitable. Mexican horses, if shod at all, would have had a shoeing of iron—at least on their fore-feet. Wild mustangs would have had the hoof naked; while the tracks of Texan or American horses could have been easily told, either from the peculiar shoeing or the superior size of their hoofs. The horses that had galloped over that ground were neither wild, Texan, nor Mexican; Indian they must have been.

Although the one track first examined might have settled the point, it was a fact of too much importance to be left under the slightest doubt. The presence of Indians meant the presence of enemies—foes dire and deadly; and it was with something more than feelings of mere curiosity that my companions scrutinized the sign.

The ashes were blown out from several others, and these carefully studied. Additional facts were brought to light by those Champollions of the prairie—Rube and Garey. Whoever rode the horses, had been going in a gallop. They had not ridden long in one course; but here and there had turned and struck off in new directions. There had been a score or so of them. No two had been galloping together; their tracks converged or crossed one another—now zigzagging, now running in right lines, or sweeping in curves and circles over the plain.

All this knowledge the trackers had obtained in less than ten minutes, simply by riding round the place. Not to disturb them in their diagnosis, the rest of us halted upon the spot where the new tracks had been first observed, and there awaited the result of their scrutiny.

In ten minutes' time both came back to us; they had read the sign to their satisfaction, and needed no further light.

That sign had disclosed to them one fact of more significance than all the rest. Of course, we all knew that the Indian horsemen had gone over the ground before the grass had been burnt; but how long before? We had no difficulty in making out that it was upon that same day, and since the rising of the sun—these were trifles easily ascertained; but at *what hour* had they passed? Late, or early? With the steed, before, or after him?

About this point I was most anxious, but I had not the slightest idea that it could be decided by the "sign." To my astonishment, those cunning hunters returned to tell me, not only the very hour at which the steed had passed the spot, but also that the Indian horsemen had been riding *after him!* Clairvoyance could scarcely have gone farther.

RUBE POINTING OUT THE WAR-TRAIL.

The old trapper had grown explotive, more than his wont. It was no longer a matter of tracking the white steed. Indians were near. Caution had become necessary, and neither the company nor counsel of the humblest was to be scorned. We might soon stand in need of the strength, even of the weakest in our party.

Freely, then, the trackers communicated their discoveries, in answer to my interrogation.

"The white hoss," said Rube, "must 'a been hyur 'bout four hour ago, kalkerlatin the rate at which he wur a gwine, an kalkerlatin how fur he hed for kum. He hain't 'a stopped nowhur; an 'captin i' the thicket, he hez gallipt the rest o' the way—thet's clur. Wal, we knows the distance, thurfor we knows the time—thet's clur, too; an four hour's 'bout the mark, I reck'n—preehaps a leetle less, an alser preehaps a leetle more. Now, furrermore to the point. Them niggurs hez been eyther clost arter 'im, in view o' the critter, or follerin 'im on the trail—the one or the t'other—an which 'taint possyble to tell wi' this hyur sign nohow-cum-somever. But thet they *wur arter* 'im, me an Bill's made out clur as mud—thet we sartintly hez."

"How have you ascertained that they were after?"

"The tracks, young fellur—the tracks."

"But how by them?"

"Easy as eatin hump-rib: them as wur made by the white hoss ur *wa'ermost.*"

The conclusion was clear indeed. The Indians must have been *after* him.

We stayed no longer upon the spot, but once more sending the trackers forward, moved on after them.

We had advanced about half a mile further, when the horse-tracks, hitherto scattered, and tending in different directions, became merged together, as though the Indians had been riding, not in single file—as is their ordinary method—but in an irregular body of several abreast.

The trackers, after proceeding along this new trail for a hundred yards or so, deliberately drew up; and dismounting, bent down upon their hands and knees, as if once more to examine the sign. The rest of us halted a little behind, and watched their proceedings without offering to question them.

Both were observed to be busy blowing aside the ashes, not from any particular track, but from the full breadth of the trail.

In a few minutes they succeeded in removing the black dust from a stretch of several yards—so that the numerous hoof-prints could be distinctly traced, side by side, or overlapping and half obliterating one another.

Rube now returned to where they had commenced; and then once more leisurely advancing upon his knees, with eyes close to the surface, appeared to scrutinise the print of every hoof separately.

Before he had reached the spot where Garey was still engaged in clearing off the dust, he rose to his feet with an air that told he was satisfied, and, turning to his companion, cried out:

"Don't bother furrer, Bill; it ur jest as I thort; they've roped 'im, by G—!"

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE STEED LASSOED.

It was not the emphatic tone in which this announcement was made, that produced within me conviction of its truth; I should have been convinced without that. I was better than half prepared for the intelligence thus rudely conveyed; for I was myself not altogether unskilled in that art of which my trapper companions were masters.

I had observed the sudden convergence of the horse-tracks; I had noticed also, that, after coming together, the animals had proceeded at a slow pace—at a walk. I needed only to perceive the hoof of the steed among the others, to know that he no longer ran free—that he was a captive.

This the tracker had found; hence the decisive declaration, that the Indians had "roped" him—in other words, had caught him in their lazoes.

"Sartint they've tuk 'im," asserted Rube, in answer to an interrogatory; "sartint sure; hyur's his track clur as daylight. He's been led hyur at the eend o' a laryette; he's been nigh the middle o' a crowd—some in front—some hev been arter 'im—thet's how they've gone past hyur. Wagh!" continued the speaker, once more turning his eyes upon the trail, "there's been a good grist on 'em—twunty or more; and of this child don't miskalkerlate, thet ain't the hul o' the niggurs; *a' aint!* 'Tur only some o' em as galliped out to rope the hoss. I'd lay my rifle agin a Mexican blunderbox, thur's a bigger party than this nigh at hand somewhur byur. By Geehosophat, thur's boun to be, sartint as sunup!"

The suspicion that had half formed itself in my mind was no longer hypothetical; the sign upon the trail had settled that; it was now a positive intelligence—a conviction. The steed had been taken; he and his rider were captive in the hands of the Indians.

This knowledge brought with it a crowd of new thoughts, in which emotions of the most opposite character were mingled together.

The first was a sensation of joy. The steed had been captured, and by human beings. Indians at least were men, and possessed human hearts. Though in the rider they might recognize the lineaments of their pale-faced foes—not so strongly neither—yet a woman, and in such a dilemma; what reason could they have for hostility to her? None; perhaps the very opposite passion might be excited by the spectacle of her helpless situation. They would see before them the victim of some cruel revenge—the act, too, of their own enemies; this would be more likely to inspire them with sympathy and pity; they would relieve her from her perilous position; would minister to her wants and wounds; would tenderly nurse and cherish her; yes, of all this I felt assured. They were human—how could they do otherwise?

Such was the first rush of my reflections on becoming assured that the steed had been captured by Indians—that Isolina was in their hands. I only thought of her safety—that she was rescued from pain and peril, perhaps from death; *and the thought was a gleam of joy.*

Alas! only a gleam; and the reflections that followed were painfully bitter.

I could not help thinking of the character of the savages into whose hands she had fallen. If they were the same band that had harried the frontier town, then were they southern Indians—Comanche or Lipan. The report said one or other; and it was but too probable. True, the remnant of Shawanos and Delawares, with the Kickapoos and Texan Cherokees, sometimes stray as far as the banks of the Rio Grande; but the conduct was not theirs; these tribes, from long intercourse with whites, have been inducted into a sort of semi civilization; and their hereditary hostility for the pale-face has died out. Pillage and murder are no longer their trade; it could not have been they who made the late foray. It might have been "Wild Cat," with his wicked Seminoles, now settled on the Texan frontier; but the act was more in keeping with the character of the mezcal-eating Apaches, who, of late years, had been pushing their expeditions far down the river. Even so—it mattered little; Apaches are but Comanches, or rather Comanches, Apaches, and whether the Indians on whose trail we were standing were one or the other—whether Apache, Lipan, Comanche, or their allies, Caygua, Waco, or Pawnee-Pict, it mattered not; one and all were alike; one or other of them, my reflections were bitterly the same. Well understood I the character of these red men of the south; so far differing from their kindred of the north—so far different from that ideal type of cold continence it has pleased the poet and the writer of romance to ascribe to them. The reverse of the medal was before my mind's eye; the memory of many a scene was in my thoughts, of many a tale I had heard, illustrating the wild, unbridled wantonness of those lords of the southern plains.

Not then did I dwell long on such thoughts; for they had their influence in urging me onward.

But there was another reason for our rapid advance; all of us were under the extreme agony of thirst—literally gasping for water; and thus physical suffering impelled us to ride forward as fast as our jaded horses could carry us over the ground.

Timber was at length before our eyes, green foliage, looking all the fresher and brighter from contrast with the black plain which it bounded. It was a grove of cotton woods, skirting a prairie-stream; and beyond this the fire had not extended.

Wild joyous cries escaped from men and horses, as their eyes rested upon the limpid stream. The men leaped out of their saddles, and without a thought of drowning, rushed breast-deep into the water. Some lifted the crystal liquid in their palms; others, more impatient, bent down, and plunging their faces in the flood, drank *a la mode du cheval.*

I noticed that the trappers behaved less recklessly than the rest; before going down to drink, the eyes of both were directed, with instinctive caution, along the banks, and into the timber.

Close to where we had halted, I observed a crossing, where numerous tracks of animals formed in the soil a deep, well-beaten path. Rube's eyes were upon it, and I saw that they were glistening with unusual excitement.

"Told 'ee so!" cried he, after a short survey; "yander's thur trail—*war-trail*, by the Eturnal!"

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE "INDIOS BRAVOS."

You may be asking, what the trapper meant by a war-trail? It has been a phrase of frequent occurrence with us. It is a phrase of the frontier. Even at the eleventh hour, let me offer its explanation.

For half a century—ay, for three centuries and more—even since the conquest itself—the northern frontier of Mexico has been in, what is termed in old-fashioned phrascology, a "disturbed state."—Though the semi-civilized Aztecs, and the kindred races of town-dwelling Indians, easily yielded to the sword of the Spanish conquerors, far different has been the history of the wild tribes—the free hunters of the plains. Upon those mighty steppes that occupy the whole central area of the North American continent, dwell tribes of Indians—nations they might be called—who neither know, nor ever have known, other rule than that of their own chieftains. Even when Spain was at her strongest, she failed to subjugate the "Indios bravos" of her frontiers, who to the present hour have preserved their wild freedom. I speak not of the great nations of the northern prairies—Sioux and Cheyenne—Blackfeet and Crow—Pawnee and Arapahoe. With these the Spanish race scarcely came in contact. I refer more particularly to the tribes whose range impinges upon the frontiers of Mexico—Comanche, Lipan, Utah, Apache, and Navajo.

It is not in the annals of Spain to prove that any one of these tribes ever yielded to her conquering sword; and equally a failure has been the attempt to wheedle them into a fanatical civilization by the much-boasted conquest of the mission. Free, then, the prairie Indians are from white man's rule, and free have they been, as if the keels of Columbus had never ploughed the Carib Sea.

But although they have preserved their independence for three centuries, for three centuries have they never known peace. Between the red Indian and the white Iberian, along the frontier of Northern Mexico, a war-border has existed since the days of Cortez to the present hour—constantly shifting north or south, but ever extended from east to west, from ocean to ocean, through wide degrees of longitude. North of this border ranges the "Indio bravo;" south of it dwells his degenerate and conquered *kinsman*, the "Indio manso," not in the "tents," but in the towns of his Spanish conqueror; the former, free as the prairie wind—the latter, yoked to a condition of "peon" vassalage. The neutral belt of hostile ground lies between—on the one side guarded by a line of garrisoned forts (*presidios*); on the other, sheltered from attack by the wild and waterless desert.

I have stated that this war-border has been constantly shifting either northward or southward. Such was its history up to the beginning of the present cycle. Since then, a remarkable change has been going forward in the relative position of Indian and Iberian; and the line of hostile ground has been moving only in one direction—continually *towards the south!* To speak in less poetical phrase, the red man has been encroaching upon the territory of the white man—the so called savage has been gaining ground upon the domain of civilization. Not slowly or gradually either, but by gigantic strides—by the conquest of whole provinces as large as England ten times told!

I shall make the announcement of a fact, or rather a hypothesis—scarcely well known, though strange enough. It may interest, if not surprise, the ethnologist. I assert, then, that had the four tribes of North Mexican Indians—Comanche, Lipano, Apache, and Navajo—been left to themselves, *in less than another century they would have driven the degenerate descendants of the conquerors of Cortez from the soil of Anahuac!* I make this assertion with a full belief and clear conviction of its truthfulness. The hypothesis rests upon a basis of realities. It would require but very simple logic to prove it; but a few facts may yield illustration.

With the fall of Spanish rule in Mexico ended the predominance of the Spaniard over the Indian. By revolution, the presidios became shorn of their strength, and no longer offered a barrier even to the weakest incursion. In fact, a neutral line no more exists; whole provinces,—Sonora, Chihuahua, Tamaulipas, Cinaloa, and Leon—are no better than neutral ground, or, to speak more definitely, form an extended territory conquered and desolated by the Indians. Even beyond these, into the "provincias internas," have the bold copper-colored freebooters of late carried their forays—even to the very gates of Durango. Two hundred Comanche warriors, or as many Apaches, fear not to ride hundreds of miles into the heart of civilized Mexico—hesitate not to attack a city or a settlement—scruple not to drag from hearth and home lovely maids and tender children—*only* these—and carry them slave and captive to their wild fastnesses in the desert! And this is no occasional foray, no long gathering outburst of revenge or retaliation; but an *annual* expedition, forming part of the regular routine of the year, and occurring at the season when the buffalo have migrated to the north—occurring in that month in the calendar of these aboriginal brigands jocosely styled the "Mexican moon!"

Upon whose head falls the blow thus periodically repeated? Upon the poor and unprotected? No doubt you will fancy so.

A single fact may serve to undeceive you. Only a few years ago, Trias, a man of "first family" in Mexico, and Governor of the state of Chihuahua, lost one of his sons by an Indian foray. The boy was taken prisoner by the Comanches; and it was only after years of negotiation and the payment of a large sum, that the father recovered his child. Thus the Governor of a Province, with means and military at his command, was not powerful enough to cause the surrender of his captive son: he was forced to *buy* him!

It is computed that at this moment there are 3,000 white captives in the hands of the North Mexican Indians—nearly all of them of Spanish descent. They are mostly females, and live as the slave-wives of their captors—if such connection may be dignified by the name. There are white men, too, among the Indians—prisoners taken in their youth; and strange as it may appear, few of them—either of the men or women—evince any desire to return to their former life or homes. Some, when ransomed, have refused the boon. Not uncommon along the frontier has been witnessed that heart-rending scene—a father who had recovered his child from the savages, and yet unable to reclaim its affection, or even to arouse it to a recognition of its parentage. In a few years—sometimes only months—the captives forget their early ties, and become wedded to their new life—become *Indianized.*

But a short time before, an instance had come under our own observation. The wounded brave taken in the skirmish at the mound was a full-blooded Mexican—had been carried off by the Comanches, some years before, from the settlements on the Lower Rio Grande. In consideration of this, we gave him his liberty, under the impression that he would gladly avail himself of the opportunity to return to his kindred.

He proved wanting in gratitude as in natural affection. The same night on which he was set free, he took the route back to the prairies, mounted upon one of the best horses of our troop, which he had stolen from its unfortunate owner!

Such are the "Cosas de Mexico"—a few of the traits of frontier-life on the Rio Bravo del Norte.

But what of the war-trail? This is not yet explained.

Know, then, that from the country of the Indians to that of the Mexicans extend many great paths, running for hundreds of miles from point to point. They follow the courses of streams, or cross vast desert plains, where water is found only at long intervals of distance. They are marked by the tracks of mules, horses, and captives. Here and there, they are whitened by bones—the bones of men, of women, of animals, that have perished by the way. Strange paths are these! What are they, and who has made them? Who travel by these roads that lead through the wild and homeless desert?

Indians: they are the paths of the Comanche and Caygua—the roads made by their warriors during the "Mexican moon."

It was upon one of these that the trapper was gazing when he gave out the emphatic utterance:

"War-trail, by the Eturnal!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

ON THE WAR-TRAIL.

Scarcely staying to quench my thirst, I led my horse across the stream, and commenced scrutinizing the trail on the opposite bank. The faithful trackers were by my side—no fear of them lagging behind.

I had won the hearts of both these men; and that they would have risked life to serve me, I could no longer doubt, since over and over again they *had* risked it. For Garey, strong, courageous, handsome in the true sense, and noble-hearted, I felt real friendship, which the young trapper reciprocated. For his older comrade, the feeling I had was like himself—indefinable, indescribable. It was strongly tinctured with admiration, but admiration of the intellectual rather than the moral or personal qualities of the man.

Instead of intellectual, I should rather say instinctive, for his keen intuitive thoughts appeared more like instincts than the results of a process of ratiocination.

That the old trapper admired me—in his own phraseology, "liked me mightily"—I was aware. He was equally zealous as the younger in my service; but too free an exhibition of zeal was in his eyes a weakness, and he endeavored to conceal it. His admiration of myself was perhaps owing to the fact that I neither attempted to thwart him in his humors nor rival him in his peculiar knowledge—the craft of the prairie. In this I was but his pupil, and behaved as such, generally deferring to his judgment.

Another impulse acted upon the trackers—sheer love of the part they were now playing. Just as the hound loves the trail, so did they; and hunger, thirst, weariness, one or all must be felt to an extreme degree before they would voluntarily forsake it.

Scarcely staying, therefore, to quench their thirst, they followed me out of the water, and all three of us together bent our attention to the sign.

It was a *war-trail*—a true war-trail. There was not the track of a dog—not the drag of a lodge-pole upon it. Had it been a moving encampment of peaceable Indians, these signs would have been visible; moreover, there would have been seen numerous footsteps of Indian women—of squaws; for the slave-wife of the lordly Comanche is compelled to traverse the prairies *a pied*, loaded like the packhorse that follows at her heels!

But though no foot-prints of Indian women appeared, there *were* tracks of women, scores of them, plainly imprinted in the soil of the river-bank. Those slender impressions, scarcely a span in length, smoothly moulded in the mud, were not to be mistaken for the footsteps of an Indian squaw. There was not the wide divergence at the heels—the toes turned inward; neither was there the moccasin print. No; those tiny tracks must have been made by women of that nation who possess the smallest and prettiest feet in the world—by women of Mexico.

"Captives!" we exclaimed, as soon as our eyes rested upon the tracks.

"Ay, poor critters!" said Rube sympathisingly; "the cussed niggurs hev made 'em fut it, while thur's been spare hosses a plenty. Wagh! a good wheen o' weemen thur's been—a score on 'em at the least. Wagh! I pity 'em, poor gurls! in sech kumpny as they've

got into. It ur a life they've got to lead. Wugh!"

Rube did not reflect how heavily his words were falling upon my heart.

There were the tracks of more than a hundred horses, and as many mules. Some of both were iron shod; but for all that, we knew they had been either ridden or driven by Indians: they, too, were captives.

The sign helped my companions to much knowledge that would have been unintelligible to me. It was certainly the path of a war-party of Indians *on the back track*. They were laden with plunder, and driving before them, or forcing to follow, a crowd of captives—horses, mules, and women—children, too, for we saw the tiny foot marks of tender age. The trail was significant of all this—even to me.

But my comrades saw more; they no longer doubted that the Indians were Comanches—a moccasin had been picked up, a castaway—and the leathern tassel attached to the heel declared the tribe to which its wearer belonged to be the Comanche.

The trail was quite fresh; that is, but a few hours had intervened since the Indians passed along it. Notwithstanding the dryness of the atmosphere, the mud on the river-edge had not yet become "skinned," as the trappers expressed it. The Indians had forded the stream about the time the prairie was set on fire.

The horses we had been following across the burnt plain were those of a party who had gone out in pursuit of the steed. Just at the ford, they had overtaken the main body, who carried along the spoil and captives. From that point, all had advanced together.

Had they done so? This was our first object of inquiry. It was almost too probable to admit of a doubt; but we desired to be certain about a matter of such primary importance, and we looked for the hoof with the piece chipped from its edge—easily to be identified by all of us. In the muddy margin of the stream we could not find it; but the steed may have been led or ridden in front of the rest, and his tracks trampled out by the thick drove that followed.

At this moment, Stanfield came up and joined us in the examination. The ranger had scarcely bent his eyes on the trail, when a significant exclamation escaped him. He stood pointing downward to the track of a shod horse.

"My horse!" cried he; "my horse Hickory, by Gosh!"

"Your horse?"

"May I never see Kaintuck if it ain't."

"Yur sure o' it, ole hoss? yur sure it's yurn?"

"Sure as shootin; I shod him myself—I kid tell that ere track on a dry sand-bar. I know every nail thar; I drur 'em wi' my own hand—it's him sartin.'

"Whoo-o!" whistled Rube in his significant way, "thot makes things a leetle plainer, I reck'n; an so I thort all along—an so I thort—ye-es—so I thort. The durned rennygade nigger!" he added with angry emphasis, "I know'd we dud wrong to let 'im go; we oughter served 'im as I perposed; we oughter cut his durnation throat, an scalped 'im the minnut we tuk 'im; cuss the luck thet we didn't! Wugh!"

Rube's words needed no interpretation. We knew whose throat he would have cut—that of the Indianised Mexican taken at the mesa; and I remembered that at the time of his capture such had been Rube's advice, overruled, of course, by the more merciful of his comrades. The trapper had assigned some reason: he knew something of the man's history.

He now repeated his reasons:

"He ur a true rennygade," said he; "an thur ain't on all the parairas a wusser enemy to whites than thet ur—more particklurly to Texan whites. He wur at the massacree o' Wilson's family on the clur fork o' the Brazos, an wur conspik'us in the skrimmige; a' more too—it ur thort he toated off one o' Wilson's gurls, an made a squaw o' her, for he's mighty given thet way I've heern. Wugh! he ur wuss than a Injun, for the reezun thet he unerstans the ways o' the whites. I never know'd sich a foolish thing as ter let 'im git clur. 'Ee may thank yur luck, Mister Stannafeel, that he didn't take yur har at the same time when he wur stakin o' yur hoss. Wugh! thet ye may!"

It was Stanfield's horse that had been stolen by the renegade, and the tracks now identified by the ranger were those of that animal—no doubt with the freebooter upon his back.

This new discovery let in a flood of light. Beyond a doubt, the war-party was the same we had met by the mound, with perhaps a reinforcement; the same that had just plundered the Mexican town; the same who had paid their hurried visit to the hacienda, and this renegade—

Ha! strange remembrances were crowding into my brain. I remembered meeting this semi-savage skulking about the road, after we had granted him his parole; I remembered, upon one occasion, seeing him while riding out with *her*; I remembered the rude expression with which he had regarded my companion—I remembered that it made me angry; that I rebuked and threatened him—I now remembered all.

Wild thoughts came rushing into *my* mind—worse thoughts than ever.

I sprang to my saddle, and, calling out some half-coherent orders, rode rapidly along the trail.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE WRITING ON THE MAGUEY.

The skill of the trackers was no longer called in need; the war-trail was as easily followed as a toll-road; a blind man could have guided himself along such a well-trodden highway.

Our rate of speed was now ruled by the capacity of our horses. Alas! their power was nearly at an end. They had been two days and a night under the saddle, with but a few hours to refresh themselves by food or rest; they could not hold out much longer.

One by one they began to lag, until the greater number of them followed with tottering steps hundreds of yards in the rear.

It was in vain to contend against nature. The men were still willing, though they too were wearied to death; but their horses were quite done up—even whip and spur could force them no further. Only my own matchless steed could have continued the journey. Alone I might have advanced, but that would have been madness. What could I have accomplished alone?

Night was fast coming down; it was already twilight. I saw by the clouded sky we should have no moon. We might follow the trail with our waxen torches—not yet burnt out—but that would no longer be safe. For myself I was reckless enough to have risked life in any way, but the lives of my comrades were not mine. I could not give them—I should not wastefully fling them away.

Reluctantly I glided from my saddle, gave my steed to the grass, and sat down upon the earth. My followers coming up, said not a word, but picketing their horses, seating themselves around me. One by one they stretched themselves along the sward, and in ten minutes all were asleep.

I alone could not sleep; the fever of unrest was upon me; the demon of thought would not let me close my eyes. Though my orbs ached with the long protracted vigil, I thought that "not all the drowsy syrups of the world" could have given repose to my nerves at that moment. I felt as one who suffers under delirium produced by the intoxicating cup, the fearful *mania-a-potu*. I could neither sleep nor rest.

I could not even remain seated. I rose to my feet and wandered around, without heed of where I was going. I strode over the recumbent forms of my sleeping companions; I went among the horses; I paced backwards and forwards along the banks of the stream.

There *was* a stream—a small arroyo or rivulet. It was this that had caused me to halt in that particular spot; for wild as were my thoughts, I had enough of reason left to know that we could not encamp without water. The sight of the arroyo had decided my wavering resolution, and upon its banks, almost mechanically, I had drawn bridle and dismounted.

I once more descended to the bed of the stream, and, raising the water in the palms of my hands, repeatedly applied it to my lips and temples. The cool liquid refreshed me, and seemed to soothe both my nerves and my spirit. After a time, both felt calmer, and I sat down upon the bank, and watched for a while the clear rivulet rippling past over its bed of yellow sand and glistening pebbles of quartz. The water was perfectly diaphanous; and, though the sun was no longer shining, I could see tiny silver-fish, of the genus *Ayodon*, sporting themselves in the lowest depths of the pool. How I envied them their innocent gambols, their life of crystal purity and freedom! Here, in this remote prairie-stream, dwelt not the alligator, nor the ravenous garfish; here came no dolphin or shark to chase them, no tyrant of the waters to put them in fear. To be envied, indeed, such an *insouciant, happy* existence!

I watched them for a long while, till I thought that my eyes were growing heavy and, after all, I might sleep. The murmur of the arroyo helped to increase this inclination to repose, and, perhaps, I might have slept; but at that moment chancing to look around, my eyes fell upon an object that again drove sleep far away, and I was soon as wakeful as ever.

Close to my elbow where I had seated myself grew a large plant of the Mexican aloe (*agave Americana*.) It was the wild maguey, of course, but of a species with broad fleshy leaves of dark-green color, somewhat resembling the maguey of cultivation. I noticed that one of the great blades of the plant was bruised down, and the spine, which had terminated it, torn off. All this would not have drawn my attention; I was already aware that the Indians had made a halt where we were encamped, and their sign was plenteous around—in the tracks of their animals, and the broken branches of trees. One of their horses or mules might have munched at the maguey in passing, and, viewing the bruised blade from a distance, I should have hazarded just such a conjecture. But my eyes were close to the plant, and, to my astonishment, I observed that there was *writing upon the leaf*.

I turned over upon my knees, and seizing the huge blade, bent it down before me, so as to obtain a better view of its surface. I read:—

"Captured by Comanches—a war-party—have many captives—women and children—ay de mi! pobres ninas! north-west from this place. Saved from death; alas! I fear—"

The writing ended abruptly. There was no signature, but it needed not that. I had no doubts about who was the writer; in fact, rude as was the chirography—from the materials used—I easily identified the hand. It was Isolina de Vargas who had written.

I saw that she had torn off the terminal spine, and using it as a stylus, had graven those characters upon the epidermis of the plant. Sweet, subtle spirit! under any guise I could have recognized its outpourings.

"Saved from death"—thank Heaven for that!—"alas! I fear." Oh, what feared she? Was it worse than death? that terrible fate—too terrible to think of?

She had broken off without finishing the sentence. Why had she done so? The sheet was broad—would have held many more words—why had she not written more? Did she dread to tell the cause of her fear? or had she been interrupted by the approach of some of her tyrant captors? Oh, merciful Heaven! save me from thought!

I re-read the words over and over; there was nothing more. I examined the other leaves of the plant—on both sides, concave and convex, I examined them—not a word more could I find; it was all she had written.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE SOUTHERN SAVAGE.

I need not tell how deeply I was affected by the unexpected communication. All at once were decided a variety of doubts; all at once was I made aware of the exact situation.

Isolina still lived—that was no longer doubtful; and the knowledge produced joy. More than this; she was still uninjured—able to think, to act, to write—not only living, but well. The singular "billet" was proof of all this. Another point—her hands must have been free—her hands at least, else how could she have traced those lines? and with such a pencil? It argued indulgence or tender treatment on the part of her captors.

Another point yet. *She knew I was in pursuit.* She *had* seen me, then, as I galloped after. It was her cry I had heard as the steed dashed into the chapparal. She had recognized me, and called back. She knew I would still be following; she knew I was following, and for me was the writing meant. Sweet, subtle spirit!

Once more I devoured the welcome words; but my heart grew heavy as I pondered over them. What had caused her to break off so abruptly? What was it her intention to have said? Of what was she in fear? It was my conjecture about this that caused the heaviness upon my heart. I gave way to horrid imaginings.

Naturally my thoughts reverted to her captors; naturally I reflected upon the character of the prairie savage—so different from that of the forest Indian, opposite as is the aspect of their homes, and perhaps influenced by this very cause, though there are many others. Climate—contact with Spanish civilization, so distinct from Saxon—the horse—conquest over white foes—concubinage with white and beautiful women, the daughters of the race of Andalusia; all these have combined to produce in the southern Indian a spiritual existence that more resembles Andalusia than England—more like to Mexico than Boston or New York.

There is not so much difference between Paris and the prairies, between the *habitue* of the Bal Mabille and the horse Indian of the plains. No cold ascetic this—no romantic savage, alike celebrated for silence and continence—but a true voluptuary, gay of thought and free of tongue, amorous, salacious, immoral. In nine cases out of ten, the young Comanche is as boastful Lothario as any *flaneur* that may be met upon the Boulevards. Women is the constant theme of their conversation, their motive for every act. For them they throw the prairie dice; for them they race their swift mustangs. To win them, they paint in hideous guise; to buy them they steal horses; to capture them, they go to war!

And yet, with all their wanton love, they are true tyrants to the sex. Wife they have none—for it would be sheer sacrilege to apply this noble title to the "squaw" of a Comanche. Mistress is scarcely a fitter term—rather say *slave*. Hers is a hard lot indeed; hers it is to hew the wood and draw the water; to strike the tent and pitch it; to load the horse and pack the dog; to grain the skin and cure the meat; to plant the maize, the melon, the squash; to hoe and reap them; to wait obsequious on her lounging lord, anticipate his whim or wish, be true to him, or lose her ears or nose—for such horrid forfeiture is, by Comanche custom, the punishment of conjugal infidelity!

But hard as is the lot of the native wife, harder still is that of the white captive. 'Tis hers to endure all the ills enumerated, with still another—the hostility of the squaw herself. The white captive is truly the slave of a slave, the victim of a treble antipathy—of race, of color, of jealousy. Oft-times is she beaten, abused, mutilated; and rarely does the apathetic lord interfere to protect her from this feminine but fiend-like persecution.

These were not imaginings; they were not fancies begot in my own brain. Would they had been so! Too well did I know they were facts—horrid realities.

Can you wonder that sleep was shaken from my eyelids?—that I could not think of rest or stay, till I had delivered my loved one—my betrothed—from the danger of such a destiny?

All thought of sleep was banished—even weariness forsook me. I felt fresh as if I had slept; my nerves were strung for emprise. It was excitement renewed by what I had read—the impatience of a new and keen apprehension.

I would have mounted and gone forward, spurning rest and sleep; regardless of danger would I have followed; but what could I do alone?

Ay, and what with my few followers? Ha! I had not thought of this; up to that moment, had not put this important question, and I had need to reflect upon the answer. What if we should overtake this band of brigands? Booty-laden as they were, and cumbered with captives, surely we could come up with them, by night or by day; but what then? Ay, what then?

There were nine of us, and we were in pursuit of a war-party of at least one hundred in number!—one hundred braves armed and equipped for battle—the choice warriors of their tribe—flushed with late success, and vengeful against ourselves on account of former defeat! If conquered, we need look for no mercy at their hands; *if* conquered—how could it be otherwise? Nine against a hundred! how could *we* conquer?

Up to this moment I had not thought of the result; I was borne along by only one impulse—the idea of overtaking the steed, and rescuing his rider from her perilous situation. It was only within the hour that her peril had assumed a new phase; only an hour since we had learned that she had escaped from one danger to be brought within the influence of another.

At first had I felt joy, but the feeling was of short existence. I recognized in the new situation a greater peril than that she had outlived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCOTT DICTATING "IVANHOE."—Lockhart says that Sir Walter Scott dictated the greater part of "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe," to William Laidlaw and John Baltantine. "Good Laidlaw," he adds, "entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story, as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight:—"Gude keep a'!—the like o' that—eh, sirs! eh, sirs!" Mr. Laidlaw used to shake his head at this passage of Lockhart: "I remember," he said, "being so much interested in a part of 'Ivanhoe,' relating to Rebecca, the Jewess, that I exclaimed, 'That is fine, Mr. Scott! get on—get on.' He laughed, and replied: 'Ay, Willie, but recollect I have to make the story.' I have more than once heard Mr. Laidlaw relate this anecdote; adding that Sir Walter was highly pleased with his character of Rebecca, saying, 'I shall make something of my Jewess!'"—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A thing is possible or impossible according to the nature that undertakes it. "Why, sir, this is impossible," exclaims one to the projector of a difficult enterprise. "To you it would be," is the curt, but appropriate reply.

HOW CITIES EXHAUST THE FERTILITY OF LAND.

There has been enough of the elements of bread, and meat, wool and cotton, drawn from the surface of the earth, sent to London and buried in the ground, or washed into the Thames, to feed and clothe the entire population of the world for a century, under a wise system of agriculture and horticulture. Down to this day, great cities have ever been the worst desolators of the earth. It is for this they have been so frequently buried many feet beneath the rubbish of their idols of brick, stone and mortar, to be exhumed in after years by some antiquarian Layard. Their inhabitants violated the laws of nature, which govern the health of man and secure the enduring productiveness of the soil. How few comprehend the fact that it is only the elements of bread and meat, evolved during the decomposition of some vegetable or animal substance, that poison the air taken into human lungs, and the water that enters the human system, in daily food and drink! These generate pestilence, and bring millions prematurely to their graves.

Why should the precious atoms of potash, which organized the starch in all the flour, meal and potatoes consumed in the cities of the United States in the year 1850, be lost forever to the world? Can a man create a new atom of potash or of phosphorus when the supply fails in the soil, as fail it must under our present system of farm economy? Many a broad desert in Eastern Asia once gladdened the husbandman with golden harvests. While America is the only country on the globe where every human being has enough to eat, and millions are coming here for bread, how long shall we continue to impoverish ninety-nine acres in a hundred of all that we cultivate? Both pestilence and famine are the offspring of ignorance. Rural science is not a mere plaything for the amusement of grown up children. It is a new revelation of the wisdom and goodness of Providence, a humanizing power which is destined to elevate man an immeasurable distance above his present condition. To achieve this result, the light of science must not be confined to colleges; it must illuminate the dwelling of every farmer and mechanic. The knowledge of the few, no matter how profound, nor how brilliant, can never compensate for the loss sustained by neglecting to develope the intellect of the many.

No government should be wanting in sympathy with the people, whether the object be the prevention of disease, the improvement of land, or the education of the masses. One per cent. of the money now annually lost by reason of popular ignorance, would suffice to remove that ignorance.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE AFFECTION OF THE HORSE.

Riding in a stage, a short time since, over the hills of Western Pennsylvania, I asked the privilege of *riding out* with the driver. This, in pleasant weather, and in a strange country, is my favorite seat. Many think it a disgrace to sit out with the driver; but often I find philosophy guiding the horses of a public stage. If a passenger politely ask the privilege of riding out with the driver, it will be as politely granted; and no situation is so favorable for learning the local and most interesting history of the country through which a traveller is passing.

"That near horse," said I, "is a fine animal."

"Yes," said he; "if I had his mate, money could not purchase them. How old do you think he is?"

"Probably eight or nine," said I.

"He is twenty-four," said he; "I have driven him nine years on this route. His mate was just like him; they have grown up together from colts; always worked together, and stood in the same stable. No person ever appeared to think more of a friend, or even a child, than those horses did of each other. If one was absent for a night or day, the other whinnyed, and looked, and moved about the stable, calling for his absent friend. Last winter," said he, "his mate died. Since then he has been constantly mournful and unhappy. He is constantly calling for his mate, when in the stable; and he will not permit any other horse to occupy the place of his companion in the stable. In all other places he is quiet and gentle, but will not allow any one to be a companion at the stable where he has so often and so long enjoyed the society of his departed companion. But he is failing fast," said my friend; "he is evidently pining away with grief, and poor old Jim will soon join his mate in another, and I hope and believe, a higher state of existence."

"Why," said I, "do you suppose a horse has a conscious existence after death?"

"Certainly I do," said he. "I have the same evidence of it I have that I shall exist. Have I love? So has a horse. Have I affection, sympathy, memory, mind, reason? So has a horse. Call it instinct, if you please—I call it reason. True, a horse has not the organs of mathematical calculation; but many human beings are as destitute of them as a horse; and certainly they are not necessary to a future existence. It is *the moral* faculties that will survive the grave. In those," said he, "old Jim is pre-eminent. Does any one love his friend? Certainly not better than Jim does his. Does any one strive to do his duty? Jim is a pattern of dutiful obedience. Does any one remember, and mourn for his lost loved ones? Poor old Jim is going down sorrowing to the grave, for his loved mate."

Here my companion brushed a tear from his eye, as he reined up to the post office in Mercer county, and delivered his mail.—B. *in Prairie Farmer.*

WITTY AND JUST.—Douglas Jerrold's death recalls Mrs. Cowden Clarke's capital dedication to her "Concordance of Shakspeare," which is neat and good:—"To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the age, this Concordance of Shakspeare, the first wit of any age, is dedicated by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, of a certain age, and no wit at all."

☞ "Do you sell pies?" asked a green looking fellow, as he lounged into a confectioner's in Wellington street. "Pies, sir?" replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "Yes, sir, all sorts, sir; what kind of pie will you have, sir?" "Well, I think I'll take a magpie."

THE UMBRELLOMETER.—We think the umbrella can be taken as a very good test of a person's character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him, is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him, is one, generally, who makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street door open when he goes home late at night, and absent to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its mamma. The man who is always losing his umbrella is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are always coming off, whose "change" is sure to have some bad money in it. Be cautious how you lend a thousand pounds to such a man! The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of meanness and low suspicions, with whom it is best not to play at cards, nor drink a bottle of wine. He is sure to suspect you are cheating him, or that you are drinking more than your share. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him; he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than of his wife. The man with a cotton umbrella is either a philosopher or an economist; he defies the world and all its fashionable prejudices, or else he does it because it is cheaper to lose than a silk one. The man who goes to the Horticultural *fete* without an umbrella, is simply a fool, who richly deserves the ducking he gets.—*Punch.*

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.—It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at greater distances from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are farther apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea, within the tropics, may be said to contain no more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountain. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is, therefore, not the snow on the top of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

MAN AND NATURE.—Thinking man is greater than nature. Amidst the vast snowy solitudes which stretch away among the top-most Alpine peaks, or traversing the Gorner Glacier, with the Matterhorn rising in unclouded splendor against the transparent blackness of the upper sky, like an altar raised by a giant to his god; or listening to the voice of a glacier river, as it vanished in the cerlean depths of a mighty crevasse; or standing on Monte Moro, when the clouds, now rest thousands of feet below upon the Italian plain, leaving unveiled all the queenly beauties of Monte Rosa, now sweep up like mighty eagles, and nestle amidst her highest crags, man feels, with awful joy, his sovereignty over matter. Atom as he is, his will is greater than these brute forces; and as he rises above them, he smiles to see that nature, like the old good Proteus, strives to terrify her assailants, but yields her secrets, if she be held fast and questioned.—*Westminster Review.*

CHRISTIAN ADVICE.—"There are three things, young gentlemen," said Lord Nelson to his midshipmen, in the war of 1793, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must almost implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

NATURAL BAROMETER.—Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours. Should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat.

☞ A few Sundays ago, at one of our churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows: "My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart." Another line received the following rendering: "And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights." And still another was sung: "And take thy pil—and take thy pil—grim home."

☞ Less depends upon the amount of brains one has, than upon the use he makes of them.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing unsettled.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
US 6 pr ct '62	109	—
" " '67	114½	—
" " '68	114½	—
" 5 " '62	108	—
Penn 6 pr ct	89½	90
" " new	95½	95¾
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Penn 6 pr ct	63	77
" coupon	74½	75
Allegh city 6 pr ct	62¾	65
" county "	90	95½
Allegh RR 6 s	54	75
Penn		
" 5 "	85	84
" " coupon	87	90
Penn 6 pr ct	80	82½
" " coupon	70½	72
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103
Penn RR 6 pr ct	94	90
2d m'tg on '53	83	85
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	74½
P G & N RR "	82	85
Reading RR "	78	79
" " m'rt	85	86
R & Lan RR "	87	88
Cin Val RR "	75	80
Penn RR "	73	76
Phil Wil & Bal		
RR 6 pr ct	103	84
Long I RR "	60	77
Sch Nav '82 "	83	61
Lehigh Nav "	91	92½
Mort "	91	93½
C & D C "	79	72
Sus & Tid "	55	57
Union Canal	59	60
Wil Elm & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	72½	76
2d " 2 pr ct	64	64½
Catawissa "	57½	59
North Penna 6 pr ct	55	56
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	105	108
Penna	45½	45½
Bea Meadow	54½	56½
North Penna	11½	13½
Phil Ger & Nor	65	66
Reading	30½	30½
Minehill	60	61
Har & Lan	53½	54
Chester Val	44	45
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	25½	—
P W & Balt	21	21½
Long Island	113	121
Wil sport & Elmira	19	20
Catawissa	113	121
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	12½	31
" preferred	22½	25
Lehigh Nav	61½	61½
Morris consolidated	50	51
" preferred	85	85½
C & Del	50	70
Union	10	10½
Bus & Tidewater	7	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	152
Penna	108½	110
Phila	110	110½
Far & Mec	89½	90
Commercial	90	90½
N Liberty	50	53½
Mechanics	20½	20½
Southwark	80	82
Penn Township	30½	30
Kensington	68	70
Girard	113	114
Western	67	67½
Man & Mech	58	59
Commerce	66	66
Tradesman's	68	—
City	56½	58
Consolidation	27	29
Pittsburg	47	—
M & M Phila	68	—
Ger Spring Phila	87	—
Kentucky	114	115
Northern, Ky	112	120
Louisville, Ky.	112	115½
Farmers, Ky.	102	106
Union, Nash Tenn	105½	106½
Planter's, Tenn.	108	109
Com & R Vick	71	8
N O Gas Lt	125	125

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression which has been the prevailing characteristic of the Flour market for weeks past still continues, and we reduce our quotations 25c ₱ bbl. The export demand is quite limited, and only taken this have been disposed of at $7@7,12½ for superfine; $7,62½@7,75 for extra; and $8,37½@8,50 for extra family. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations for common and extra family brands, and $9@9,50 for fancy lots. Small sales of Rye Flour at $4,75, and Corn Meal at $4 ₱ bbl. The stock of both is very much reduced.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been very small, but the supply has been ample for the demand, as the millers are holding off for lower prices. Sales of 7,000 bush at $1,85@1,87 ₱ bushel for good and prime Southern and Penna red, and $1,87@1,92 for white. 2000 bush Rye sold early in the week at $1,10@1,15, but at the close $1,08 could only be realized. Corn has been dull, and prices have declined 2@3c. Sales of 50,000 bush yellow at 85@87c, closing at our lowest figure. Oats have been dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 30,000 bush Delaware and Penna at 53@56c ₱ bush, part in store.

PROVISIONS—Supplies come forward slowly, and there has been but little doing in any description. Pork is dull at late rates. Small sales of Mess at $20,50 ₱ bbl, and Prime at $19,50 days. Beef sells only for ship stores at our quotations. Bacon—Has been very quiet and notwithstanding the continued light supplies and a reduced stock, prices are barely maintained. Sales of Hams at the late rates. Sides at 11c, and Shoulders at 11c ₱ lb, 60 days. In tierces Salted Meats the sales have been limited—the stocks being about exhausted. Among them were 150 hhds at 11½c for Hams, and 10c for Shoulders. Lard is not much inquired after, but the stock is very small. Small sales of barrels at 15c and kegs at 15½@16c ₱ lb, as time. Butter continues to meet a very limited inquiry, but there is not much offering. Small sales of solid packed at 14@15c, and Roll at 17@20c ₱ lb.

BARK—There has been more inquiry for Quercitron Bark with further sales of 150 hhds No 1 at $44, and 300 tons at $40 ₱ ton. Tanners Bark is in fair demand at $17 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak, and $13@14 for Chestnut, part from first hands.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Small sales of good Yellow at 23c ₱ lb cash.

CANDLES—Small sales of Adamantine at 22c ₱ lb 6 mos. There is very little demand for any other description and we continue our former quotations.

COAL—There has been more activity, with increased receipts and shipments, both by Railroad and Canal, and prices have undergone no quotable change. Coal vessels are in fair supply and meet with fair demand. Bituminous Coal is not wanted. Sales at 17c ₱ bushel.

COFFEE—There has been an increased demand, and holders now demand rather higher prices. Sales of 550 bags at 10½@11c ₱ lb on time, for ordinary and good Rio; 12½c for Laguayra, and 16c for Java.

COPPER—Is very dull. We continue to quote English Sheathing at 29c, and Yellow Metal at 28c ₱ lb. 6 mos.

COTTON—The late foreign accounts have had no perceptible effect upon prices. The market is quite firm, and the demand has been good. About 1200 bales have been disposed of at 10½@11c ₱ lb. on time, for Upland, and 14@17c for New Orleans. At the close holders put up their prices to ₱ lb.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been very little doing, and for some articles on which the duty has been reduced, prices are unsettled. Sales of Soda Ash at 3¾@3½c; 6 months.

FEATHERS—There has been very little inquiry, and the only sale reported was a small lot of Western at 54c ₱ lb.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel have been trifling, but there is very little demand, and the sales are only in small lots at $15@15,50 ₱ bbl for medium No 1's; $12 for No 2's, and $16,50@17 for No 3's. Large Fish are scarce, and 1's bring $22,50. Codfish are scarce, and worth $5,50. Mess Shad command $ 2,50 ₱ bbl. Pickled Herring are unchanged—small sales at $4 ₱ bbl.

FRUIT—Oranges and Lemons are scarce in fact, the absence of supplies of all descriptions, both of Foreign and Domestic Fruit continues to materially restrict operations. Sales of Fine Apples at 38@40 ₱ 100. Of Dried Apples and Peaches the market is comparatively bare.

GINSENG—Prices continue entirely nominal for both Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—The demand has been limited, but prices are steady at $35@38 ₱ ton, cash, for Peruvian, and $40@45 for Columbian.

HEMP—Continues quiet; there being very little stock here to operate in.

HIDES—There has been more inquiry, and prices are firmer. A cargo of Laguayra was disposed of on terms not made public.

HOPS—Prices are steady, but they continue to meet a very limited inquiry. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 2@3c ₱ lb.

INDIGO—The demand continues limited, and the only sale reported is a small lot of Bengal at $1,30 ₱ lb. 6 mos.

IRON—The market continues very quiet, but prices have undergone no quotable change for any description. Small sales of Anthracite Pig Iron are making from store at $25, $26, and $28 ₱ ton, 6 months, for the three numbers. No change in Scotch Pig. 200 tons sold from the wharf on private terms.

LEAD—Is held firmly, but there is nothing doing in either Foreign or Domestic.

LEATHER—The demand has increased for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but prices remain without change.

LUMBER—There has been a fair trade doing, but with moderate supplies. 30,000 feet Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $16@17; Pine Boards at $12@17; Spruce Joist at $14@15 ₱ M feet. Lathe at $1,25, and Pickets at $3, 3,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—Has been very little inquired after, and the only transactions reported is 100 bbls New York Syrup at 36c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—The transactions have been limited. Sales of Rosin at $1,85@1,87½ ₱ bbl for Common, and $2,50@4,87 for Fine. Prices of Tar and Pitch remain as last quoted. Spirits of Turpentine meets a steady inquiry at an advance of 1c. Sales of 120 bbls at 48@45c, cash, and 50c, 4 mos. The stock is now much reduced.

OILS—But little doing in any description. Prices are steady for all kinds of Fish Oils, and the sales are confined to small lots from store. Lard Oil also meets a very limited inquiry. Small sales of No 1 Winter at $1,15@1,20. 4 mos. Linseed Oil is in fair request, and prices firm. Sales at 75c, cash. Red Oil, Olive Oil and Palm Oil are unchanged.

RICE—The stock is very much reduced and prices are firm. Sales of 220 tierces at $5,37½@5,50, 4 mos, for fair and prime quality.

SALT—About 10,000 sacks Liverpool Ground and Fine have arrived to a dealer. A small invoice of Ashton's Fine sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering, and not much inquiry for it. Small sales of Prime at $7@7½ ₱ 64 lbs, from second hands. Timothy is in better demand at $4 ₱ bush. The market is bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,85 ₱ bushel.

SPICES—But little doing and no change to notice in prices.

SPIRITS—There has been more demand for Brandy, but prices have ruled somewhat irregularly. In Gin no change. N E Rum continues to command 30@34c. Whiskey has been dull and the main decline. Sales of bbls at 31@32c; hhds at 31c, and Drudge at 30c.

SUGAR—There has been more inquiry, chiefly for refining, but prices have undergone no marked change. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb on time.

TALLOW—Continues dull, but prices unchanged.—Small sales at 10@11c ₱ lb, cash, for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—The demand has fallen off, and prices are firm for both Black and Green.

TOBACCO—There has been a steady inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured for home consumption, at full rates.

WINES—Prices are steady, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The receipts from the West are increasing.—There has been a fair inquiry for the supply of the manufacturers, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 250,000 lbs from 35 to 62½c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL, No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	5 @ 6½
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	18 @25	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Fore quarter ₱ lb	
Rump do	12½@16	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @56	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31@37½	Young Pigs	@1 25 @2 50
Suet	2½ @3	Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Kidney	8 @12½	Feet, ₱ set	12½@ 25
Liver ₱ lb	6½	Tripe ₱ lb	4 @ 6½
Dried Beef ₱ lb	30	Lard do	13 @ 15
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½@ 15
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	10 @ 12
Chop ₱ lb	8 @—	Puddings ₱ lb	10 @ 12
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Scrapple ₱ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₱ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chop ₱ lb	8 @10	Tender Loin ₱ lb	16 @ 18
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	$3,00		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31 @ 40	Corn potatoes bu	12½ @1 46
do bf pk	— @ 10	do bkt	37½@ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5

THE LEARNED DUNCE.

I went some time since, in company with an intimate friend, to a *soiree*, held some distance from Paris, at the house of a mutual friend, lately married. When we entered, three ladies were in the act of executing a trio. The husband introduced us to his wife, a pretty looking personage, to whom I expressed my regrets that I had not been able to pay my respects earlier.

"I must scold your husband for keeping you so secluded from the world, Madam," said I.

"It is true, Monsieur, that we lead a very retired life; but I love solitude; for indeed, the gay world hath but few charms for me."

I looked at my friend, who said, in a low tone, "This is a woman of genius."

"If I mistake not, we have missed some very fine music."

"You have, indeed, gentlemen; you have missed an excellent trio of Beethoven's. Oh, what a genius was Beethoven! What soul! How mystical is his harmony! How his modulations seem to embody themselves with each other, and to plunge the soul into strange reveries."

My friend looked at me with astonishment.

"This woman is indeed a genius," said I, in a low voice.

"No; Germany has not produced Beethoven's equal," said the lady.

"Madame forgets Mozart and Weber."

"Were they German composers?"

I was stupefied. How she knows Beethoven and —.

A very animated discussion, carried on between two amateur painters, at this moment attracted the attention of the lady to another subject. They were speaking of arabesques.

"Arabesques or moresques," said the lady, "I admire those ornaments of sculpture, painting, and of architecture, formed of foliage leaves, of figures of animals, plants or imaginary beings. Have you remarked, gentlemen, that in the houses of the Mahometans the moresques never contain the figures of animals?"

"But ——."

"It is true, gentlemen, for the law of Mahomet expressly forbids the employment of images, beasts, or of animated beings, in arabesques."

My surprise was extreme. My friend started with wonder, and we could hardly disguise our thoughts; but some one asked, just at this moment, her opinion of frescoes.

"Frescoes? What are they? Are they ancients?"

I was dumb with surprise. How could this melange of education and ignorance be accounted for? Did she do it wilfully? Was it from some feminine malice, to serve some private purpose of her own?

The conversation then took a historical turn. They spoke of the ancient Greeks and Athenians. Some one named Aspasia.

"Few women," she said, "could boast of exercising such influence over a people. Courtesan and philosopher, she numbered among her pupils and lovers Socrates and Alcibiades. Such was the power she had over the heart of Pericles, that he repudiated his wife to espouse the fair Milanese."

Myself and friend again looked at each other with astonishment.

"Yes," replied I, "she was a woman with talents of the first order. Then her popularity, her eloquence. All the youth of Athens came to the classes of Aspasia when she delivered the harangues of Demosthenes."

"*Demosthenes!*" cried the lady, "who was she?"

Music now broke up the conversation, my friend and I not knowing what to think of the accomplishments and ridiculous mistakes of our fair hostess. What was the meaning of this familiarity with certain names, and her entire ignorance of certain others? The enigma had something *piquante* about it, and I reflected upon it during the remainder of the evening.

The next day my friend entered my apartment and cried,

"The problem is solved; I have just returned from our friend's house; he has bought a pocket cyclopedia, which his wife is committing to memory, and it is extremely natural for her to commence at the commencement; she has studied A, as Arabesque, Aspasia and others; but, of course, as yet, she knows nothing of Demosthenes, nor frescoes, nor Mozart, nor Weber, for the wife of our friend is receiving her education in alphabetical order."

This was the truth.

Some days after I again visited the female scholar; the discourse turned upon politics. She harangued with much energy upon the talents of Danton, the revolutionist. It appeared she had arrived at the letter D.

Note.—We think, from what we have seen of the above named dictionary, that in about fifteen years from this time the fair scholar will be able to discourse upon the merits of zoology, and of the talents of Zoroaster.—*From the French.*

POISON IN THE FINE LACE MANUFACTURE.—Our wealthy ladies who wear fine Brussels lace are ignorant of the sad fact, we believe, that in its preparation the poor female operatives often lose their lives by inhaling a poison employed in removing fingermarks from it. The poison is the carbonate of lead, applied in the form of powder, in the finishing operation. A portion of this is inhaled by those who use it, and their health soon gives way. Good wages are generally paid to those lace operatives, but so unhealthy is the business—so fatal has the lead poison proven in its effects—that it is only a work of dire necessity to engage in it. It is a sad reflection that many a rich piece of lace worn by a lady has cost not merely a high price in money, but the life of a fellow being. Lace manufacturers have long endeavored to find a suitable, harmless substitute for carbonate of lead, but hitherto in vain, we understand.

BOOK-SALES BY PEDLARS ON CARS AND STEAMBOATS.—The sale of books on some of our western travelling routes is growing into a large and permanent business. There are pedlars who pay handsomely for the privilege of running on the cars, with a basket of books in one hand, and one of cakes in the other. A boy on the Jeffersonville Railroad pays two hundred dollars a year for the exclusive right of this peddling business. It is but a short time since the Company had to hire a person at the same rate to perform the same work. A well known pedlar on the mail boats between Louisville and Cincinnati, carries on a more extensive book business than many a city store, and realizes more profit. His sales have reached twelve thousand dollars a year, and his gains more than the united salaries of the Captain and Clerk of the boat.—*Post.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

RESCUE OF MISS GARDINER FROM THE INDIANS.

The St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer gives a detailed and interesting account of the recovery of Miss Gardiner from the Indians who perpetrated the Spirit Lake massacre. The story of her having been set up as a target and shot at by the Indians, turns out to be a shameless fabrication.

Miss Gardiner was rescued by three friendly Indians, despatched for the purpose by Governor Medary. They bear the picturesque names of Maunincmani, or the Man who Shoots Metal as he Walks; Hotonwashte, or Beautiful Voice; and Chetanmaza, or the Iron Hawk. Miss Gardiner is a native of Seneca county, N. Y., and is but fifteen years of age. Her father, mother and the rest of the family, except a sister, who had just removed to another part of Iowa, were all murdered at the time of the attack on the Spirit Lake settlement.

The above mentioned Indians left the Yellow Medicine Agency on the 23rd of May, in a two-horse wagon, and on the 29th came upon a deserted camp of Inkpadutah's band (the Indians who committed the outrage) where they found the dead body of Mrs. Nobles, one of the captives taken from Spirit Lake. The body was terribly mutilated; it was apparent that she had been most cruelly outraged, not only before but after death. Three bullet-wounds were discovered in her head, and on her limbs and arms the traces of brutal cruelty were visible. The Indians wrapped her body in a blanket, and interred it. The next day, at another deserted camp, they discovered Mrs. Nobles' hair, which they gathered up for transmission to her friends.

On the 30th of May, they reached an encampment of one hundred lodges of Yankton Indians, and three lodges of Inkpadutah's band, where they learned that Miss Gardiner and Mrs. Nobles had been sold to a Yankton warrior, but that subsequently Mrs. Nobles had been forcibly taken from the Yankton's lodge by Inkpadutah's son and some confederates, who, after brutally outraging her, put an end to her existence.—Miss Gardiner was saved only by the bravery of the Yankton who purchased her; he placed her on the couch beside his squaw, and declared that his life and that of his squaw would be sacrificed before harm should come to Miss Gardiner. This bold course saved her from injury.

The name of this warrior is Wamdu-kalhnake, or the End of the Snake, and with him the Indians immediately opened negotiations to obtain Miss Gardiner's release. The End of the Snake said he bought her with the intention of giving her up to the whites, but could not give her up till he had obtained the consent of the remainder of the Yanktons. A council was held, which continued two or three days. One of the Yanktons objected to giving Miss Gardiner up, because they could do better by taking her to the military officers in Missouri, and get a large amount of powder and tobacco. A bribe, however, silenced him, and Miss Gardiner was finally delivered to the Christian Indians. The price paid for Miss Gardiner was two horses, seven blankets, two kegs of powder, a box of tobacco, and other articles.

As soon as the purchase was completed, the Christian Indians started on their return with the ransomed captive, accompanied by two Yanktons, who volunteered their services, and were undoubtedly the means of preserving the party from massacre, as they were followed for several days by a party of Inkpadutah's band, who were evidently deterred from making an attack by the presence of the Yanktons. Miss Gardiner was treated with comparative kindness by the Indians who captured her, on account of the protection of the chief's son. She was compelled to carry a heavy pack, but did it with an apparent willingness that seemed to impel the Indians to treat her more kindly than they did Mrs. Nobles.

In reference to Mrs. Nobles, Miss Gardiner states that she seemed much dejected and despondent from the time she was taken captive, until death released her from her sufferings. At times she would sit for hours bemoaning and crying over her sad fortune, and again she would rouse herself, and treat the Indians with the indignation natural to a high-spirited woman subjected to the most degrading outrages. The tasks allotted to her she would not willingly fulfil, and was often cruelly beaten in her resistance to the tyrannical will of her captors. Miss Gardiner thinks that it was this peculiar temperament that not only caused the murder of Mrs. Thatcher, who, it will be recollected, acted in the same manner, but also of Mrs. Nobles.

Miss Gardiner has been conveyed to Fort Dodge, where a sister, the only remaining member of her family, resides. The sum of $500 was raised at St. Paul, to be applied to her education. The only indication betrayed on her countenance of her experience among the Indians, is that she is very much sunburnt. The sum of $1,000 was paid the Indians as a reward for effecting her release, and their outfit cost $600. The release of Miss Gardiner and Mrs. Marble has cost over $3,000. The Pioneer says that measures have been adopted by Gov. Medary which will result in the extermination of Inkpadutah's band, within a very few months. Now that there are no white women in the camp of the outlaws, the Governor can prosecute his plans with that energy which will secure the speedy extermination of these women murderers. A military expedition was not sent to recover the captives, lest friendly Indians should be killed, and that in the end more harm than good would result to the captives from such interference.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S BRIDE.—Bayard Taylor, who, since his return from Lapland, has been sojourning in the town of Gotha—the capital of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—left there on the 9th ult., in company with his two sisters and a younger brother, for England, where the latter were to embark for the United States. From England, Taylor and his fellow-traveller, Bristed, intended to set out for a summer tour in Norway, whence they would return in the autumn to Gotha, and after wintering there, proceed to Moscow, Southern Russia, the Caucasus and the Crimea. From this tour the travellers will again return to Gotha, to which place Bayard Taylor is now attracted by an attachment stronger than the ties of friendship which have hitherto drawn him thither. He is in fact, betrothed to a daughter of the astronomer, Hansen—Miss Marie Hansen. Nothing is said about the personal appearance of Taylor's intended bride; but as she is a native of Saxony, a country proverbial for its fair women, we may presume she is beautiful.

"Sachsen,
Wo die schonsten Mädchen wachsen."

"Saxony, where the pretty maidens grow," says the poet.

The *Tribune* confirms the above announcement, and says:—

The happy couple will spend the next winter at Moscow. This event will not prevent the execution of Mr. Taylor's plan of an exploration of Central Asia, previous to his return to this country.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—*Hoops Melted.*—Sabbath before last, a violent thunder storm passed over New Jersey. At Jamesburg, near Amboy, the Sabbath School of the Presbyterian Church was holding its meeting in the afternoon, when the fluid struck the building. It entered the roof, making only a small hole, and descended by the chandelier to the centre of the church, where it exploded. Quite a number of adults, as well as children, were prostrated by it, and their clothes burnt. Yet no fatal results followed, although some hours, and even days, passed before perfect restoration took place. But the remarkable feature of it remains to be told, and this is given by a clergyman who received it from one present. It is stated that the ladies who wore brass hoops in their dresses were uninjured, *but the hoops themselves were melted!* The electric fluid was thus diffused, and perhaps lives saved, by this novel species of *conductor.*—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

SLIGHT MISTAKES.—The Raleigh Christian Advocate apologizes for several errors which crept into that paper during the sickness and absence of the editor. The following is one:

"Rev. J. H. Brent, in an able article on education, was made to violate grammar and decency by speaking of the common people as 'them asses.' It is due to him to say that he wrote it 'the masses.' The letter m slopped back to see its next neighbor."

The same error occurred in the London Punch some years ago, but the editor on reflection concluded the mistake was too slight to demand correction, and so permitted it to stand.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE LONDON ATHENÆUM has been giving some severe and apparently well merited hints to Sir Archibald Alison, who, in the sixth volume of his new History of Europe, has freely "conveyed" whole passages about events in India from Mr. Kaye's work; and not content with freely using his facts, has even appropriated, in a wholesale manner, Mr. Kaye's very words, with scarcely an alteration. The Athenæum prints the parallel passages side by side, and establishes the charge.

VALUABLE RELIC.—We saw on Saturday last the identical watch that Major Andre offered Paulding, Williams and Van Wirt, at the time of his arrest and interview with Arnold. It is of pure gold, much larger around than other watches of the present day, but very thin, duplex movement, and figured thus:—12-3-6 9 on the face, with points between. On the cap is engraved—

JOHN ANDRE,
1774.

Notwithstanding its old age, but few watches keep better time. It is owned by a gentleman living here, named Chase.—*Horicon (Wis.) Argus.*

THE STATEMENT copied from The Boston Courier, that the Misses Fox were in that city is contradicted. Miss Margaretta Fox, the oldest daughter, has *not* been there, nor has she been present at any investigation, nor has she for four years past attended any circle or assemblage of Spiritualists.

HON. WM. L. MARCY, ex-Secretary of State, was found dead in his room at noon at Ballston, N. Y., on the 4th of July. He appeared to enjoy usual good health until that morning. He had been with a friend to see the doctor only some minutes before. Like most New England young men, Mr. Marcy was thrown on his own resources in early life. When he left home to engage in the study of law, his father gave him but two dollars as an outfit. When he had travelled about twenty miles, ten dollars of his money proved counterfeit. By stopping to work he cleared the expenses of his journey, and by teaching carried himself to the bar.

PENNSYLVANIA PEARLS.—We see by the papers that pearls of small size have been found in the small creeks in nearly every part of the Commonwealth where a search has been instituted. The business is about as lucrative as any other kind of fishing. The discovery of pearls in mussels has undoubtedly been greatly exaggerated. The total value of those recently found is estimated by competent judges at $6,000. Nearly a thousand men have been engaged in the search for these treasures, so that their labor for the length of time engaged in the work, will average six dollars each. This is not near as profitable as digging potatoes or cutting grass. The largest pearl yet found is set down as worth $1,500.

ADAMS AND HANCOCK.—The graves of Saml. Adams and John Hancock, two of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, from Massachusetts, are in the Granary Burial Ground in Boston, without monuments to mark them.

P. T. BARNUM is to take up his permanent residence in England. Mrs. Barnum and the family sailed for Europe in the steamer Canada on the 24th ult. The Bridgeport Farmer says:—"It would have been far better for his creditors if they had accepted his first proposal and given him a chance to retrieve his lost fortune. There is no use of oppressing a man when he is unlucky, and endeavoring to force him to do more than he is able."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Gazette says that he has watched the crops for forty years, and he thinks that in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky, there will be a larger crop of wheat harvested the coming season than ever before. Same news from nearly all the other States.

THE REAL NAME of Miss Coutts, the platonic admirer of Marin, was Giles. When she followed him to New York, and her bid was the highest for a prominent box in the theatre, she gave a check of the bankes Coutts, for $500. Thence originated her pseudonym, which she retained in after life, and even in death.

A TITANIC FIGURE.—The great extent of our country is only vaguely portrayed, by the strong figure used by Thomas F. Marshall, in his remarks at the Cincinnati celebration, when he referred to the Mississippi valley as reclining with her head in the lakes—her feet in the gulf of Mexico, and her hands grasping the Alleghany and Rocky mountains.

IRON CHURCHES.—Iron churches, seventy feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty feet high, capable of accommodating seven hundred persons, and costing about $5,000 each, have been erected recently in the neighborhood of London. They are lined with wood, which is covered with canvass and papered. They can be taken down and moved to other locations, if desired.

THE ROOSTER'S OPINION.—Quite an amusing occurrence happened in the Police Court this morning, says the Lowell (Mass.) News. A case was to come up concerning the disputed ownership of a certain rooster, and the bird was in Court awaiting the result. Previous to hearing the case another was tried; and, just as his Honor gave the decision, the cock set up a loud and prolonged crow. This unexpected endorsement of the Judge "brought down the house," and even his Honor was compelled to join in the general laughter. An order was given, however, for the removal of the bird, as the Court was unwilling to have all the defeated parties thus "crowed over."

HOW TO GET A FINE WHITE HOUSE OUT OF AN EMPTY BARREL.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, on the road to the grog shop. When you want a dram, take the price of it in your hand and start to the grog shop—go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bunghole, take a good drink of water, and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building. Fact.

THE GRASSHOPPERS that have threatened to destroy the crops in certain parts of Minnesota, have been killed by the recent cold and wet weather. It is said that bushels of grasshoppers in masses may be seen on the prairies.

A NOBLE BOY.—A boy, named Narcisse Lamontagne, aged 13 years, saved eight children from the wreck of the steamer Montreal. It was by seizing the door of a stateroom, placing the children upon it, and pushing it before him while he swam; that, at different trips, he succeeded in landing on a dry rock, or on the beach, eight of the survivors, who would have otherwise met, with the hundreds of others, a watery grave.

FLIGHT OF MORMONS FROM SALT LAKE.—The Quindaro (Kansas) Chindowan, of June 14th, says—"A party of several hundred Mormons, just from Utah, and *en route* for the southern part of Kansas, where they propose to settle, passed Fort Leavenworth on Tuesday. They are heartily sick of the tyrannical rule of the Mormon leaders, and were fearful if they remained of suffering violence during the anticipated conflict between the U. S. Government and the Brigham Young oligarchy.

THE SEA SERPENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The Port Elizabeth Cape Colony Mercury relates that the sea serpent has actually been captured in Algoa Bay, by Mr. Capper, proprietor of the Sunday Island Ferry, assisted by Mr. Newcome. It was thrown ashore near Cape Padrone, and supposed by the colored people who found it to be an immense fish. It proved, however, to be a "creature with a long, serpent-like body, about eighty or ninety feet in length, with an enormous head, possessing the properties of the reptile species, and a mouth furnished with a formidable row of serrated teeth on both jaws, which, when closed, dove-tailed into each other." The animal was dead, and decomposition was already going on. The head was cut off and placed in a wagon, which could scarcely contain it, and taken to a neighboring house, "where it now remains."

A NEW USE FOR BABIES.—Babies are very useful at times. The other day at Chicago, a crowd was in the Marshal's office, where that good-natured official was selling wood to the poor. "Stand back, all of you, and let the woman with a baby have a chance!" The crowd complied; and again and again, woman after woman, each with a babe in her arms, kept pressing forward to the desk. The Marshal took it coolly for a while; but finally the infant began to assume a familiar look, and an examination was had, when it turned out that the mother was lending her baby to her acquaintances, to secure for them the immunities which she herself enjoyed.

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.—The emigration from Europe to the United States this year, seems likely to be nearly, if not quite, as large as in any former year. Seven thousand and forty-five passengers, the greater number of whom are emigrants, arrived at New York on Wednesday week from different ports of Europe.

A YOUNG WOMAN who was brought before the Boston police, alleged in defence of her respectability, that she was acquainted with all the lawyers in New York. She was committed for six months.

DR. WESLEY GRINDLE'S
CELEBRATED
MAGIC COMPOUND,
A POSITIVE CURE FOR PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

Principal Depot, No. 54 White Street, New York, where all letters for the Medicine must be addressed.

☞ We have closed our branch office in Philadelphia, and the public are cautioned against the impositions of any person in Philadelphia assuming our name and vending our spurious Medicine for the MAGIC COMPOUND. Beware of all frauds of the kind emanating from Philadelphia.

THIS WONDERFUL REMEDY has done more to alleviate human suffering than all other means put together. It has the greatest sale of any medicine in the world for PULMONARY COMPLAINTS; from Maine to the most retired dwellings of Oregon, or wherever consumption is known, it finds its way, carrying health and joy into the wounds of hearts. The most eminent physicians have been forced to acknowledge that it *does* cure consumption, and they now use it in their practice as a standard and sure remedy.

Despatches are promptly made by mail and express.

PRICES.—One box, $5.00; three boxes, ordered at one time, $12.00; half dozen, $24.00; one dozen or any number greater, at the rate of $4 a box.

The passage in the United States, not over 3,000 miles, is fifteen cents a box; over 3,000 miles, fifty cents a box. In all cases the amount should be inclosed in money or stamps. We are responsible for all moneys sent us by mail.

JOSIAH S. GRINDLE, (brother and late partner of Dr. Wesley Grindle.) *Sole Proprietor*, to whom all letters must be addressed. Also, Sole Proprietor of GRINDLE'S ANTIDOTE AND CELEBRATED JAPANESE LOVE PILLS.

A FANTASTIC FIGURE.—Tom Marshall recently said that the valley of the Mississippi lies with its head in the lakes, its feet in the Gulf of Mexico, and with either hand grasping the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. Who can form a notion of such a rough and ready giant as that? Ordinary mortals can have their measures taken, or if they prefer it they can get their garments ready made at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new styles) Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia. Youths as well as adults can procure elegant garments at this popular establishment.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR BILLS AND TIME.

MT. SAVAGE, Md., July 7, 1856.

Dear Sir—In consequence of taking cold after a bad attack of the measles, some eleven years since, I have from that time suffered greatly with a disordered liver and stomach. I have been at times so bad that my life was despaired of. I was induced some time ago, through the persuasion of a friend, Mr. Henry Shafer, to try a bottle of Hoofland's German Bitters, thinking if it done no good it could do me no harm, and knowing Mr. Shafer to be a gentleman who would not recommend anything to me that he did not have confidence in. Before I had taken one-third of the bottle my bowels became regular, and I had a fine appetite. When I had used two-thirds of it I considered my health as good as ever it was, and could eat anything, without its disagreeing with me in the least. I now keep a bottle of the Bitters in the house continually, and in case I take cold, or I feel unwell, I take one or two doses, and it makes a change in my bowels, which is all I need, wherefore, for the past eleven years, my doctor bill has been from $10 to $25 per year, besides loss time and severe illness.

Yours, truly, P. J. THRASHER.

To Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

These Bitters are for sale by Druggists, dealers in Medicines and storekeepers everywhere. Price 75 cents per bottle.

TAR WATER, as combined with other samples, by Dr. Wistar in his celebrated Balsam of Wild Cherry, has a peculiar power over all diseases of the lungs. Many physicians have used it in their practice, and generally with marked success.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

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☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of June, at York, Pa., by the Rev. Daniel Zeigler, Dr. J. P. BRENNEMAN, of Petersburg, York Springs, Adams county, Pa. to Miss MARY HOLLINGER, of York county, Pa.

On the 30 instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. WILLIAM D. ELLIOT, to Miss VIRGINIA E. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, at Gloucester, Mr. SAMUEL LUKENS, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY FORMAN, of Gloucester.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM T. STONE, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY E. WEST, formerly of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 19th of May, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL ALEXANDER, of this city, to Miss CHRISTIANA FURGUSON, late of Buenos Ayres, S. A.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ANDREW LOWE BEARDY, to Miss LYDIA E. SHEETALINE.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Mr. HARRY S. HAWKINS, to Miss EMMA F. ACKLEY, daughter of Mr. Lyman Ackley, of California.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. JOHN L. ADLER, to Miss ANN L. CRANE, daughter of W. J. Crane, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Charles J. Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM H. PLATT, to Miss ANN E. STORE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. E. L. Krengel, Mr. RAYMOND SHILL, to Miss ELLEN M. COX, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. THOMAS BRINGHURST, of Pittsburg, to Miss CHRISTIANNA OMMERLA, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 6th instant, FLORETTE, wife of John Desbordes, aged 40 years.

On the 6th instant, SARAH COOLEY, aged 24 years.

On the 4th instant, M. JAMES HALL, Sr. aged 82 years, Near Alexandria, Virginia, Mrs. MARY HUNTER, aged 60 years.

On the 5th instant, JOHN C. WEAT, aged 24 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY, wife of the late Wm. J. Morrell, aged 32 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE MOONEY, aged 43.

On the 7th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of John Buck, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, CHRISTOPHER GRAFLY, aged 20.

On the 6th instant, Mr. THOMAS WILSON, aged 63.

On the 6th instant, MARTIN WILENT, Sr. aged 84 years.

On the 6th instant, JOHN T., son of the late Lewis and Mary Ann Worthington, aged 19 years.

On the 4th instant, RIDGWAY S. WALTON, aged 28.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of the late Samuel Jones, aged 65 years.

On the 5th instant, JANE PIER, aged 80 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of John Toms, aged 37 years.

On the 3d instant, REBECCA D. MASON, aged 65 years.

On the 4th instant, BETTY S., wife of Washington L. Outerbridge, aged 30 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. DEBORAH MOYER, wife of S. Winder, aged 29 years.

On the 4th instant, THOMAS AGEN, aged 22 years.

On the 5th instant, JANE, wife of John Larkin, aged 58.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. JANE ANDERSON, aged 84.

On the 5th instant, Mr. JOSIAH THOMAS, aged 59 years.

On the 2d instant, JOSEPH NAGLEE, aged 68 years.

On the 3d instant, MARGARET, widow of the late Chas. Harrison, aged 83 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. HANNAH MCCOMB, aged 87.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**North Carolina.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	½ to 1¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis	**Georgia.**	
Erie City bk	35 dis	Gold bks	¼ dis
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis	New bks	5 to 5 dis
New Jersey.		Bk Columbus	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
March bk Bridgeton	20 dis	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	80 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed	**South Carolina.**	
Delaware.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	par	**Alabama.**	
Under 5's	¼ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Maryland.		Other solv bks	5 dis
Valley bk Hagerstwn	no sale	**Mississippi.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Fay & Mech bk Kent co	1 dis	**Louisiana.**	
District of Columbia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Exchange bk	20 dis	**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New York.		Bk of Circleville	45 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Canal bk	5 dis
8th Avenue bk	8 dis	**Kentucky.**	
Knickerbocker bk	14 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Par bk Onondaga	25 dis	**Indiana.**	
Mer & Man bk Oswgo	20 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Ex bk Hudson	20 dis	State bk	7 dis
Empire City bk	14 dis	State bk, Attica,	no sale
Genesee bk	14 dis	Commerce bk, Lafayette	"
Champlain bk	no sale	Other bks	5 to 20 dis
Maine.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Bk of Hallowell	24 dis	Rushville bk, Rahville,	20 dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis	Solvent bks	9 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Agricultural bk	20 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Anna Ex bk	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Hampden bk	25 dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Lancaster bk	closed	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Exeter bk	failed	River Bank	no sale
Vermont.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Small notes	21 dis
South Royalton bk	no sale	Central bk	2 dis
Connecticut.		Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Massachusetts.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Rhode Island.		**Arkansas.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	All bks	no sale
Bk Republ Providence	70 dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Canada.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	2 dis	**Texas.**	
Zimmerman	5 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis
Virginia.			
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis		
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis		
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
T. R. CALLENDER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 93 West Fourth St., Cincinnati,
McNALLY & CO., 25 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

ONE OF TWO VIRGINIA FARMS
AT PRIVATE SALE,
OR WILL BE EXCHANGED FOR CITY PROPERTY.

The larger contains 602 Acres, is situate in Chesterfield County, 13 miles from Richmond, 15 from Petersburg, not half a mile from "Clover Hill Railroad," and is known as "Hurlbut's Plantation." The smaller contains 446 Acres, is within 90 yards of two Churches, Post-Office, large Hotel and Mail Depot on the Richmond and Danville Railroad—is situate at Amelia Court-House, 35 miles from Richmond, and is known as "The Glebe." BOTH FARMS are well watered by pure and never failing springs; are said to be even; of which 12 tons have already been housed from one farm this season), and they are well adapted for Wheat, Tobacco, Corn and Oats, and are within 24 hours' travel of New York. The proprietor is induced to part with one of them at a bargain, they being 22 miles from each other, and his two sons (for whom the larger one had been bought,) having resolved on not being farmers. The improvements on "The Glebe" are numerous, in excellent condition, and altogether it is well calculated, not only as an investment, but as a residence, to satisfy any gentleman, whether fond of farming or of good society. On "Hurlbut's Plantation" the buildings are less numerous, and not in such good condition, but garden and apple orchards are fully equal. For further particulars, apply to CHARLES MIDDLETON,
jy4 Amelia Court-House, Virginia.

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS
ORIGINAL COLOR.

WARRANTED TO CURE BALDNESS, SCURF, DANDRUFF, ITCHING AND ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN. This Balm gives the scalp a new and healthy action; restores the coloring matter to the roots of the Hair, which passes through the Hair and gives it a natural color without the use of Hair Dye.

Testimony of a Lady over Fifty Years of Age.

Mr. Mason, Sir:—I write to inform you how pleased I am with your Alpine Hair Balm. My hair has been gray for a number of years, and I have been obliged to wear a front-piece and cap; but have always found a difficulty when having a bonnet on to keep the front-piece from working back and showing the white hair. Finally I concluded I would try your Alpine Balm; I used one bottle only, and my hair has come back to its natural color, which was brown. My hair is now perfectly free from dandruff, and is soft and glossy. Very respectfully, SARAH LYON.
Providence, R. I., May 29, 1857.

☞ Prepared by C. A. P. MASON, Providence, R. I. For sale in Philadelphia by R. & G. A. WRIGHT.
july18-tf

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER!!—THIS VALUABLE LITTLE WORK ON RAISING, BREAKING, TRAINING, RIDING, DRIVING, STABLING, FEEDING and DOCTORING HORSES is daily being mailed to applicants to all parts of the United States. Send on your quarter for one, or $1 for 5 copies, and you are sure to get it by return mail. Books on this subject containing no more, have been sold over and over selling, for $3 to $10. Address C. J. ELDRIDGE,
1t S. E. cor. Third and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati, O.

CARD.—A Valuable Book, containing 700 Beautiful Arts, Ways to Make Money, New Discoveries, Secrets, Recipes, Skule, &c., sent post-paid for $1. Address Miss M. J. ROSELL, Brasher Falls, N. Y. 1t

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BATHING ROBES.—ALL SORTS, SIZES, and STYLES BATHING ROBES at SLOAN'S 806, late 274 Market Street, Philadelphia, or at his stores on Cape Island, New Jersey. 1t

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Wit and Humor.

A FEW SAMPLES OF GUMPTION.

We select from the Boston *Gazette* a few unmistakable varieties of this article. The first relates to a gentleman, who, in a mixed assemblage, suddenly heard his name called from all parts of the house. Although unaccustomed to public speaking, he rose amid great applause, and said:

"Fellow citizens, I thank you for this kindly greeting, and as my rising has called forth such plaudits, I trust my sitting down will elicit no less substantial marks of your approbation."

The gumption of the gentleman gained him three hearty cheers, and it had quite as good an effect as if he had spoken ten minutes, which he probably might have done if he had had anything to say.

Gumption is a prompt application of common sense—a never-failing resource. According to this definition, shrewdness, capacity and address are component parts. These qualities are particularly necessary in a lawyer, who is called upon to speak often in open court.

One of the leading members of the Suffolk bar once found that even eloquence, mighty and powerful as is its sway, was no match for the gumption of his opponent.

Our eloquent friend addressed the jury, one day, in a case of considerable pecuniary importance, and feeling in good health, he gave full play to his imagination, and so hid the merits of the case under the glitter of his beautiful imagery, and so charmed all hearers by his style, that the jury was carried away by his command of language and his beauty of expression. His brother lawyers congratulated him upon his efforts, and he sat down, thinking, as others did, that it mattered little what the counsel for the defendant had to say. He happened, however, to be a man of gumption, though not of eloquence, and rising from his seat, he said:

"May it please this Honorable Court, and you, gentlemen of the Jury, to allow me, before entering upon the legal merits of this case, in which my worthy client has great interests at stake, to compliment my learned brother, upon his brilliant and powerful argument, which he has just closed. It has had its effect upon you, gentlemen of the Jury; it has had its effect upon the learned Judges of this Honorable Court; it has had its effect upon the members of this bar, here assembled—but it has had no effect upon me."

There was a slight movement in the Court, at this candid expression of opinion, and all eyes were directed towards the young man, who had the boldness to make such a statement. He continued:

"And I will tell you, gentlemen of the Jury, why his eloquence has had no effect upon me. Yesterday I had the pleasure of being with my learned brother, the counsel for the plaintiff, on a fishing excursion in our harbor. You may imagine, that we employed hook and line, bob and sinker, to procure the fish with which we concocted our chowder. We did so, with the exception of my friend here. *He* came on board in the morning, gentlemen of the Jury, with white kid gloves on. If you have had any experience in the art of capturing halibut or cod, you will say that white kid gloves are not appropriate for such a duty. He did not take his gloves off during the day I believe, nor did he take a line into his hand, but he caught many fine fish. You may wonder how it was done. I will tell you, gentlemen of the Jury. He walked to the side of our small craft, and addressed the fish in a strain of eloquence, unequalled since the days of Cicero, with the exception of his effort to-day. The fish listened, as you have listened, gentlemen of the Jury; they drank in the music of his eloquent lips, and so pleased were they, with his descriptions of the pleasures of being broiled and boiled and baked, that they jumped from the water on to the deck, and looked with admiration into the face of him, who, having the power to delude fishes, may have the power to fascinate you, and hide from sight the true merits of this case."

The Court was unable to stand this sally. The spell wrought by the eloquence of the counsel for the plaintiff was broken; the Jury paid attention to the merits of the case—thought of the fishes—and the young man whose gumption told him that he must first destroy the glittering effect of his opponent's argument, before he could hope for justice—heard the verdict of the twelve upright men, with great satisfaction.

A friend of ours, to whom we related this illustration of gumption, furnished us with another, the scene of which was in a country court. The case under consideration was in the hands of two lawyers, Smith and Brown.—Smith was a very flowery orator, and generally, in a plea or argument, made copious quotations from the poets, with an occasional bit of thunder borrowed from Webster, Wirt, or Choate, and not only astonished the auditory, but sometimes astonished himself. Brown, on the contrary, was a matter-of-fact lawyer, who struck at the roots of a question, and was somewhat free-spoken and blunt. As Smith arose to open the case, Brown, who was there to oppose him, settled himself into his chair, and requested Smith, in a louder tone of voice than he intended, "to astonish himself." The Judge very properly rebuked such language, and administered a severe reprimand for such open contempt of court. Brown saw that he had made a false move, and that his personal unpopularity might prove injurious to the cause of his client. His gumption came to his aid:

"May it please your honor," he said, rising, "I did not intend any disrespect to this court, when I gave utterance, inadvertently, I assure you, to the expression which has given just cause of offence to yourself, and probably to the enlightened gentlemen which compose this jury. I hold that the dignity of the court should be maintained, at all hazards and under all circumstances. I would also apologize to my learned brother. I requested him, in a moment of forgetfulness, to astonish himself. I retract that application, and now request him 'not to astonish himself.'"

A subdued laugh passed round the court, from which none were exempt, and his readiness—his gumption—regained him the popularity which he had lost.

SHARP CUTS AT THE DOCTORS.—At the recent medical convention holden at Lewiston, the clergy and members of the bar were invited to the repast given at the De Witt House by the followers of Galen, and after the cloth was removed, during the interchange of sentiments, the Rev. Mr. B———, while alluding to the intimate relations between the professions of the clergy and the physician, in all seriousness remarked that it was a somewhat singular fact that "*when the doctor was called the minister was sure to follow.*" The doctors gave him three cheers.—*Portland Transcript.*

The above reminds us of a hard hit at the doctors, which may be found in the Bible. In the 16th chapter of the second book of Chronicles is the following:

"And Asa, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, *but to the physicians.* And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one-and-fortieth year of his reign."—*Lynn News.*

A harder hit at the medical fraternity is given in Mark's Gospel (v. 26), relating to a "certain woman," who "*had suffered many things of many physicians,* and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but *rather grew worse!*"

AN ORIGINAL SERMON.—The Richmond Christian Advocate contains the following singular sermon for the times, which another paper calls "a skeleton in want of meat:"

Subject: Personal Poverty. Text: I am poor. In discoursing to you on this subject to-day, I shall, by God's blessing, be enabled to establish the position assumed in the text with but little effort. Let it be borne in mind that the subject is personal.

1. What I *must* pay by the 1st of April, 1857; 1. My note to A. B., for horse, etc., $135; 2. Board bill to C. D., one quarter, $125; 3. Servant's hire, $15; 4. Washing bill, $12; 5. Necessary for other expenses, $10. Total, $297.

2. What I have got wherewithal to pay it: 1. Salary for one quarter, if paid, $200; 2. A wife; 3. A child, which, though both excellent of their kind, must, in this account, be put down at $00 00. Total, $200.

3. What I *must* have to get through with the right side up, and no mistake: 1. The sum of $97; 2. A friend to give it; 3. The thing itself, $297.

Application.—1. Will you give it? or 2. Shall I quit the ministry to try to make it? If so, who will be responsible, and for how much?

A FRANK COMMENTATOR.—George Winston was a devoted Baptist of Mississippi, and an equally ardent Democrat. It was hard to tell which had the warmest place in his affections—his wife, his church, or his political party. On one occasion, he had several friends spending the evening with him; and before they retired he took down the family Bible, to read a portion of Scripture and have a word of prayer. It so happened that he opened the sacred book at the Epistle to Titus, where the Apostle says, "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready for every good work." As it was a habit of his to comment on the text as he went along, when he came to this passage he took off his spectacles, and with a gravity suited to the time and place, he remarked:

"*There*, my friends, is where I differ from Brother Paul. Mr. Jefferson tells us that the true doctrine is just the reverse of this; that is, men in office should always be obedient to the people; and I agree with the great author of the Declaration of Independence. The Apostle was no doubt a great preacher and a good Christian; but it is clear enough he was no Democrat."

THE LAST RESOURCE.—(Father, expostulating with his son)—"James, I am grieved beyond expression to see the cruel way in which you have been going on lately. I have tried you at everything, and you have failed in every thing. I put you in a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously sent about your business. I bought you a commission in the army, and you were very quickly recommended to sell out. In despair, I started you as a coal and wine merchant, and general commission agent, but you didn't clear sufficient to pay for your boots and shoes. At last I got you a lucrative post in the Mutual Philanthropic Loan Office, but even they wouldn't have any thing to do with you. It's painfully clear to my mind, James, that you are not fit for anything. Under these circumstances, there is but one thing left now—*I must get you a situation under Government!*"—*Punch.*

A FEMININE IDEA OF BUSINESS MATTERS.—*Young Wife*—(who is showing her friend "Charley's new store.")—I tell Charley that it is his fault if we don't get rich now. Those silks are worth—oh, I don't know how many millions of dollars!

Prudent Friend.—Aren't you afraid that some one will break in and steal everything?"

Young Wife—Oh, no; Charley is very careful, and he has four private burglars who sleep in the store every night.

RATHER VERDANT.—*Butcher*—There, sir, that's a fine ham! I cured it myself.

Customer—Cured it yourself! why, what was the matter with it?

☞ *Jones*—That must have been Brown that passed. Wonder why he didn't speak? Oh, I remember I lent him five dollars last time I saw him.

ORIGIN OF A HABIT.—The ladies are just now attiring themselves in a very neat walking wrapper or "duster," which certainly commends itself to good taste, and sits very gracefully upon a form begirt with hoops. This "habit," however, is not original with the ladies. It originated with a class, of all others, perhaps, most estranged from the sex. We mean the "Zouaves," that dauntless, yet isolated body of French troops, who went up the Malakoff hill amid the storm of iron rain. They first introduced the style of dress for fatigue purposes, and called it "burrous." Those worn by the ladies are an exact pattern of the Zouave fatigue. Strange, is it not, that delicate woman should adopt the warworn fashions of the bloodiest troops in all the world, and sport in fashion what originated in the necessities of the campaign of the Crimea?—*Utica Herald.*

SCENE.—OMNIBUS, DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH PROMINENT RIBS.

GENT.—"Oh, ah! And what do you feed the horses on?"

DRIVER.—"Butter-tubs—don't yer see the hoops?"

CAMPBELL.—"It is well known," says Frazer, "that Campbell's own favorite poem was his Gertrude. I once heard him say, 'I never like to see my name before the Pleasures of Hope: why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that, when young, I was always greeted among my friends as Mr. Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope.' 'Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope. When I got married, I was married as the author of the Pleasures of Hope; and when I became a father, my son was the son of the author of the Pleasures of Hope.' A kind of grim smile, ill-subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when, standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin:

"'Thomas Campbell, L.L. D., author of the Pleasures of Hope, died June 15, 1844, aged 67.'

"The poet's dislike occurred to our memory—there was no getting the better of the thought."

Agricultural.

PECULIARITY OF MAKE IN HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

There are few more unsightly peculiarities in the horse's make than a low or hollow back; it is at all times objectionable in point of appearance, but in many cases I must consider it perfectly hideous. It may be hid in some degrees by a very long saddle, with an unusually full-stuffed pummel, both of them very comfortable, both to horse and rider; indeed, unless you go to a first-rate hunting saddler, if you give an unconditional order for a saddle to be made, ten to one but you get one three inches too short, and with scarcely any stuffing, supposed to produce a neat appearance in the pannel. A thin pannel is necessary to a racing saddle, where ounces in point of weight are to be considered. Besides which, they have always one, sometimes more saddle-cloths between them and the horse's back; and be it remembered a jockey is very often not over ten minutes on his horse from the time of saddling and mounting till he carries his saddle into the weighing-house. But with all this, horses that run often during the racing season often exhibit such sore backs (and eke sometimes sore shins), that it is pitiable to see such good animals as many of our platers are exhibit. Many a time have I lent a silk handkerchief to form a protection to the withers of one of these. But enough of saddles.

Low-backed horses naturally give us an idea of weakness; and I must confess I cannot divest myself of the idea that they are in point of supporting strength weaker than others, but not so much so as persons are led to imagine. We are aware that an arch is in itself a tower of strength, independent of any support it may have beneath. But take, we will say, a piece of timber, and be that perfectly straight, or bowed the reverse way to the arch, if it is in this case supported by brickwork or any other substance beneath, it becomes much stronger than the timber would be depending on its own individual strength, be it in what position it may. Thus if we depended on the strength of the vertebræ of the horse for our support, its being arched, running horizontally, or bowed downwards, would be a matter of vital importance; for I should say, figuratively speaking, the mere spine would not alone carry a tom cat. It is the supporting-ribs and muscles that constitute the strength of the back, and from where the ribs end we may be said to be supported by the muscles of the loins that continue beyond the last rib; but here the upper thigh bones lend their support; so that the spine is supported in its whole length by either bone or muscle, or rather by both conjointly. Thus it need not be a matter of as much surprise as it is to many, to see some low-backed horses carrying men of considerable weight, seeing that, though the spine dips considerably, it is in fact as much supported by bone and muscle as if it ran horizontally or was arched. I admit it is not in itself individually as strong; but the support it receives renders it quite capable of performing its destined duty.

As some set-off to the objections to hollow-backed horses, they are mostly comfortable to sit on, easy in their movements, and in leaping the rider feels as if sitting on a swing or an easy seat. Horses rising in the spine, technically called "roach-backed ones," are the reverse. They are apt to be somewhat rough in their motions, and are frequently difficult to sit close on at their leaps. A horse remarkably strong across his loins, though an admitted merit, sometimes gives his rider such a cant when leaping, particularly at high jumps, that, unless he sits well back and prepares himself for the shock, he would find himself most unpleasantly forward, if not off. I had one who not only did this, but would sometimes, when fresh, jump half as high again as was necessary. I forgave him this, knowing that, however high or wide the leap might be, he was sure to go high and wide enough for it; figuratively speaking, there appeared to be no limit to his powers. I have often regretted since that I never tried how high or wide he could jump.

From what I have said of hollow backed horses, it is quite clear I would not purchase one or buy him for a friend; but for a woman I hold a somewhat low-backed horse not to be objectionable—in fact, far preferable to one with the spine unusually elevated. In the first place, the appearance of a low back is (supposing a horse to carry his saddle where he ought to do) nearly hidden by the length of a properly-made lady's saddle. As I before stated, the easiness of all the motions of such horses is a great desideratum to a female, whose attributes as a gentlewoman are not those of a female rough-rider, who may perhaps with truth assert she can ride *anything*. A lady should be composed and gentle on horseback as we wish to see her in all situations in life. Let her be as perfect, and still more as elegant, a horsewoman as the best instruction can make her; but do not give her a horse that, by make, gait, or disposition, would mar her proficiency.

I should say ladies who ride much on horseback seldom get on their saddle at a weight exceeding nine stone seven, or at most ten stone, consequently they ride, with an eighteen pound saddle, at most eleven stone eight. Supposing, therefore, a hollow-backed horse not to be able to carry the same weight as others, he must be a very weak one indeed, and consequently totally unfit to carry a woman, if with her riding, either with hounds or on the road, he is at all incommoded by such weight; in fact, a ladies' horse should always be able to carry a stone or two above the weight she rides; this keeps him always fresh, and above his work, on which circumstance his pleasantry and safety in carrying her mainly depends.

I have still another plea, in fairness, to bring forward in favor of low-backed horses, or rather, to mitigate the sweeping objections entertained against them by most men (myself for one.) I have remarked low backs to be less likely to get sore than those of which the spine is more elevated. I allude to the part under the saddle; low-backed horses usually have the muscles of the back running higher up the spine than others. I have seen them, when fat, have these muscles so high and prominent, that the spine bone was actually below them, or, at all events, not higher. A horse with an elevated spine requires his saddle to be stuffed unusually full, so as to prevent the seat of the saddle resting on it. Persons may say that the part of a saddle over the spine consists only of the lining and pig's skin above it. Granted; but these are quite enough to chafe when the pores of the skin are in a state of perspiration—independent of which, it is not very pleasant to the rider to feel the back as it were like the edge of a board beneath his seat, which will be the case unless the saddle is stuffed purposely for the particular horse.

Low-backed horses, as an objection (at least one in my eyes), are apt to show a little exuberance of carcass; in fact, the body, being lower than usual (from peculiarity of make above), becomes naturally more pendant below; thus, supposing a low-backed horse to have the same length of rib as another, and the abdominal muscles in proportion, they must give him the appearance of a more dropping carcass than other horses. Whether on actual measurement this might prove to be the case or not (for in low-backed ones the spine usually only dips behind the wither), the measurement from the wither to the bottom of the brisket will be found pretty much the same as with other horses. Now, in my opinion, the beauty of the brisket of a horse consists in its running upwards from the back of the fore-legs about a foot or more. Here is the proper place for the girths; from these the body should fall a little to form a proper and handsomely-proportioned carcass. A good carcass is handsome, and desirable in a horse; but this is not belly, which can only be tolerated in a cart horse, and he looks infinitely better the less he has of it. I do not say that low-backed horses actually have this monstrous objection; I merely state they are apt to have the appearance of it.—*London Field.*

GARDEN WORK FOR JULY.

Cleaning Compartments.—See that all the beds where your early vegetables grow are cleared off; give the refuse to the pigs, or cover it up in a compost heap, in order that such compartments may be manured and placed in a condition to receive other crops for fall and winter use.

Cucumbers for Pickles.—Prepare a bed and plant seed to raise cucumbers for pickles.

Planting out Cabbage and Other Plants.—Prepare a bed, by manuring, digging and raking, so that you may be in a position to set out cabbage plants of all kinds, broccoli and borecole plants upon the occurrence of the first rain.

Endives.—Set out your endive plants that may now be ready: and sow seed at intervals of ten days throughout the month.

Dwarf Beans.—Prepare a bed and drill in some rows of dwarf beans. Before drilling in the seed soak them five or six hours. After planting them water the drills, and continue to do so every day until the beans come up.

Cauliflower Plants.—Avail yourself of the first rain to set your cauliflower plants, and when set out see to it, that, in times of drought, they do not suffer for water.

Small Salading.—Every week in this month sow seeds of the several kinds of small salading.

Celery.—Plant out celery plants for a main crop.

Turnips.—Any time between the 20th of this month and the 10th of the next sow turnip seed.

Lettuce for Heading.—At the occurrence of the first rain set out your lettuce plants to head; water at the time, and continue to do so every afternoon until they take root and grow finely; not forgetting that, in all times of drought, they must be freely watered.

Spinach.—Towards the last of the month, drill in some rows of Spinach for autumn use.

Radishes.—Sow beds of these at intervals of a week throughout the month.

Gathering Seed Plants.—As your various seed plants mature their seed pull them up, and spread them out on some airy room to dry, taking care to turn them daily, so that the drying may be equally done on all sides, and when dry, hang the seeds up in paper bags, or cotton ones, taking care also to mark each.

Leeks.—Set out your leek plants.

Herbs.—Gather your herbs and dry them in an airy, shady room.

Sage, Thyme, Lavender, Hyssop, &c.—All these culinary herbs may still be propagated from slips or roots, attention being paid to watering them. Give the slips and roots a free watering at the time of setting them out, and continue to water every afternoon, until they take root and grow, and until rain occurs.

Peas.—Towards the last of the month prepare a bed and drill in a few rows of the earlier kind of peas. Soak the seed over night, previous to planting them; give the drills at the time of drilling in the peas a watering; keep the ground moist until they come up, and afterwards until rain occurs; keep the bed clean, and in September you may expect a tolerable crop of green peas, provided you do not let them suffer for water in times of drought.

Egg Plants, Tomatoes and Red Pepper.—Plants of these may still be set out.

Savoy Cabbage.—Seed of this delicious vegetable—the best of the cabbage tribe—may be sown the first week of this month, to raise plants for a winter crop.

Attention in the Garden.—Let it be your daily habit to visit your garden, examine every part of it, and have every weed and grass pulled up, and see also that no part of the garden in drought suffers for the want of water.

TO DESTROY WORMS ON GRASS LAWNS, &c.—Of the many methods which have been recommended for destroying worms, corrosive sublimate is the most efficacious. By means of it, may be cleared a piece of grass from which it seemed almost impossible to eradicate the worms, the surface of it being always covered with casts, and looked most untidy; but for eighteen months after this was applied, scarcely a single cast was to be seen. Use the solution of the corrosive sublimate of the strength of one ounce to forty gallons of water, having dissolved the sublimate first in a little hot water, and thoroughly mixed it. The requisite quantity of such being prepared, the whole should be well stirred together, and commencing at one end of the lawn with the watering-pot, without a rose, let the surface be entirely flooded; if any part of the ground is missed, the grass will soon be as bad as ever with the worm-casts. Directly after the solution has been applied, the worms will make their appearance, which have always picked up. The dose may be made sufficiently strong to kill them on the surface, or even in the ground; but this is attended with danger to the grass, particularly on light soils. Picking them up is the best. If possible, the ground should be gone over a second time, after an interval of three or four days. Attention should also be paid to the state of the ground, which should neither be soaked with rain nor parched up with drought, but in a middle state. Great care is at all times necessary in using this deadly poison. It is also useful in destroying slugs, &c.

ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.—Cheese, and the curdling of milk, are mentioned in the Book of Job. David was sent by his father (Jesse) to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brethren fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer states that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclop Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets, mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of the rennet in making cheese; they appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when too young to carry arms, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves, and an epah of parched corn, the cheeses, as well as loaves, must have been very small.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 16, 12, 27, 6, 31, 3, was an Italian artist.
My 1, 2, 23, 11, 2, 7, is an American sculptor.
My 23, 16, 12, 17, 5, 30, was a German composer.
My 6, 23, 29, 31, 24, 5, 14, is the name of a British poet.
My 27, 16, 22, 29, 6, was an American General in the Revolution.
My 23, 3, 20, 17, was a great English humorist.
My 1, 33, 1, 11, is the name of a British poet.
My 22, 16, 26, 11, 16, the Chief Justice of the United States.
My 1, 2, 33, 16, 22, 16, 12, an Indian Chief unfriendly to the settlers in America.
My 16, 13, 23, 21, 11, 14, one of the members of a cabal in the reign of Charles the Second.
My 1, 5, 22, 29, 9, the name of a Czar of Russia.
My 19, 23, 31, 7, 5, 16, was a Cardinal of England in the 15th century.
My 21, 9, 7, 6, a distinguished Arctic Explorer.
My 16, 12, 26, 11, was a Queen of England spoken of by Dean Swift.
My 23, 16, 21, 21, 32, 30, 17, was the last of the Saxon Kings.
My whole is a distinguished American Poet.

ALPHA.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 6, 5, 15, 13, 3, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 12, 9, 3, is a county in Indiana.
My 3, 6, 19, 17, is a county in California.
My 4, 8, 13, 2, 3, is a county in Tennessee.
My 5, 2, 18, 11, is a city in Europe.
My 6, 13, 17, 18, 14 is a county in Mississippi.
My 7, 5, 4, 12, 3, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 8, 13, 3, 3, is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 8, 8, 13, 14, is a county in Texas.
My 10, 4, 3, 15, 21, 32, is a city in England.
My 11, 5, 13, 9, is a large lake between Canada and the United States.
My 12, 13, 14, 10, 4, 3, 14, 13, 2, is one of the United States.
My 13, 4, 12, 17, is one of the United States.
My 14, 19, 6, 13, 3, is one of the divisions of Europe.
My 15, 21, 22, 17, 12, 6, 5, 9, is one of the divisions of the United States.
My 16, 17, 3, 6, 15, 17, is one of the divisions of North America.
My 17, 23, 6, 7, 6, 18, 17, is one of the United States.
My 18, 6, 15, 5, 13, 15, is a city in Spain.
My 19, 17, 5, 13, 14, is a city in France.
My 20, 21, 6, 22, 13, 9, is a city in Prussia.
My 21, 14, 16, 17, 18, 7, 13, 6, is a county in Florida.
My 22, 13, 19, 6, is a city in Peru.
My 23, 13, 16, 20, 2, 3, is a city in Portugal.
My whole is a distinguished Statesman.

BUCKEYE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 3, 23, 39, 17, 2, 8, 6, is a person's name.
My 30, 1, 24, 9, 27, 28, is a town in Connecticut.
My 26, 31, 44, 42, 36, 14, was one of the Presidents of the United States.
My 22, 21, 57, 15, 46, is one of the twelve months.
My 48, 48, 43, 55, 20, is one of the United States.
My 22, 4, 55, 23, is a kind of silk.
My 3, 52, 58, 20, is often used on walls.
My 13, 11, 25, 37, is a color.
My 18, 50, 19, 41, is a county in Missouri.
My 51, 54, 45, is a small animal.
My 59, 16, 34, 33, is often used.
My 38, 39, 45, is dangerous.
My 10, 4, 52, 29, is to stop.
My 16, 13, 2, 8, is a person spoken of in the Bible.
My 53, 35, 17, is a thing used in all families.
My 6, 47, 50, is what some people cannot do.
My 33, 9, 36, is an article brought from foreign countries.
My 40, 16, 22, is an animal.
My whole took place in the American Revolutionary War.

Stonington, Ct. W. W. C. W. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Cicero's Orations,—
If you look,—my first you'll find to be.
With Christopher Columbus,
My second sail'd the raging sea.
Among the Orientals
My third is very easily found;
Look into their seraglios!
And my fourth you'll find "to be around."
My whole is a Hebrew measure—
Try and guess it, if you've leisure.

Venango co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 5, and I am a weight.
Omit my 2, 6, 7, and I am a habitation.
Omit 1, 2, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am a number.
Omit my 2, 5, 7, and transpose, and I am a sound music.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, and transpose, and I am a negation.
My whole was a celebrated battle.

Warren, Vt. HARP

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a public conveyance.
My second is a kind of sack.
My third is a vowel.
My whole is a vegetable.

Cohocksink. J. M

ANAGRAMS OF COUNTRIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1 Rot up Gal. 2 A prime sun rise.
3 He is not a glob. 4 Ah! Son I dont.
5 In prime cheese. 6 Hirst in a car.

Shoenersville, Pa. QUEBECK.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, C, and D, enter into co-partnership. A's share of the capital invested equals B's and 2-5ths of C's; B's share of the capital invested equals 7-9ths of A's; C's share of the capital invested equals 5-7ths of B's; D's share of the capital invested equals 2-3ths of C's. At the expiration of one year they find that the capital stock has increased to $313 20, which is 20 per cent. on the investment. What is each partner's share at that time?

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. FRANK.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tight boot like a windmill? Ans.—Because it grinds the corn.

☞ Why is a hundred dollar bill like the corner a house? Ans.—Because it is hard to raise.

☞ Why is a married lady singular? Ans.—Because she is won (*one*). Why is a bachelor plural? Ans.—Because he is two (*tea*).

☞ Why is the Scottish race different from the rest of mankind? Ans.—Because the Bible says "Flesh is grass," but Bruce said that "Scots wha ha'e" (*Scots were hay.*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The capture of Ticonderoga, by Col. Ethan Allan. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The manufacture of Oil from Coal. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Truth is stranger than Fiction. CHARADE.—Springfield. CHARADE.—Cotton. CHARADE.—Matrimony (Mat-rye-mosey.) ANAGRAMS.—Angelina—Cowpeta—Texas—Orange—Albermarle—Hardin—Hertford—Madison—Colorado—Anderson—Monroe—Oregon—Neshoba—Logan—Desha—Wharton—Lawrence—Ashley—Tensas—Marion. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—40 rods.